

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY



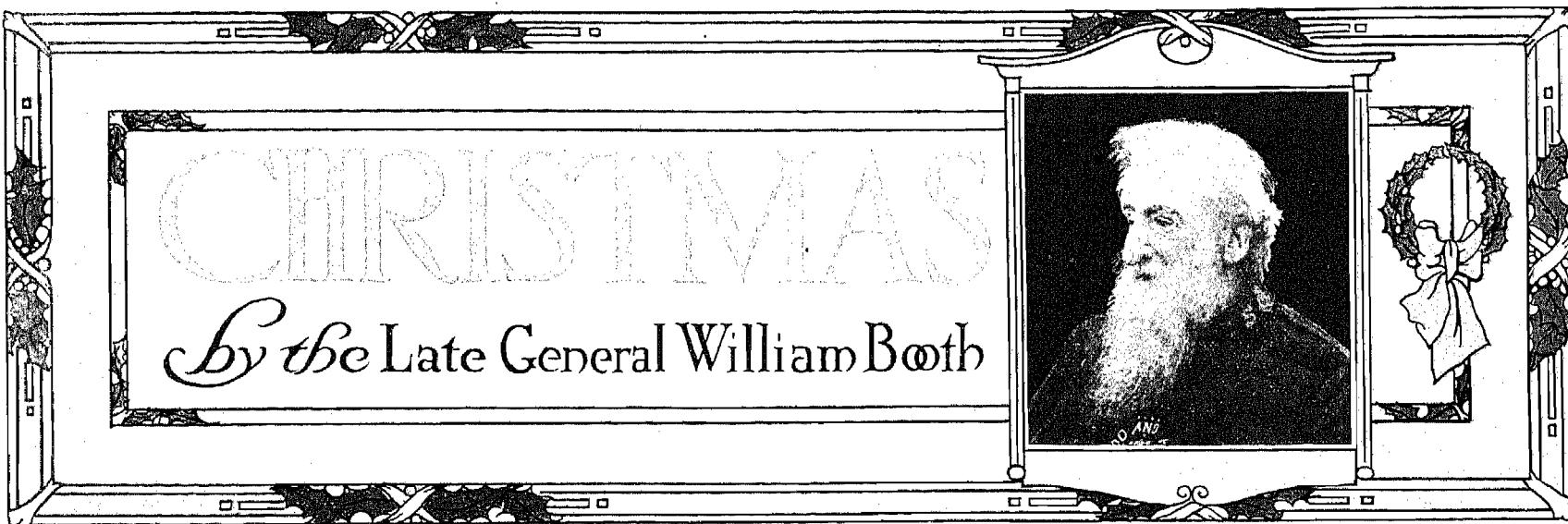
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THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS

"AND THEY CAME WITH HASTE AND FOUND MARY AND JOSEPH, AND THE BABE LYING IN A MANGER" LUKE 2:16

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Chapter I

IT WAS late, and I was weary. To tell the truth, my heart fairly ached again. It had been a day of more than usual trial. Many things had happened, some of them perplexing, and others painful.

One Officer, highly-valued and much-loved, had gone to heaven. Another, who had sworn eternal fidelity to the flag, and whose doings had promised a useful career, had deserted me for easier and pleasanter fields of labor. Finance had been unusually troublesome. The Salvation Meeting had been exceptionally difficult, the sinners more than ordinarily hard, the back-sliders stupid, and the soldiers listless. While, at the moment, what seemed the most trying of all, was the difficulty of finding a supply of Officers equal to the growing demands of the war.

"Men, men, men is our crying need!" had been almost the last words of the Chief, echoed by the Foreign Secretary, at a council held to consider the world's affairs, a few hours before. "Men are wanted, where can we find them?" This cry was still ringing in my ears.

Beaten out by one thing and another, I threw myself on my knees and struggled hard to roll the burden on my Lord, telling Him that He must help me, as all my hope was in Him. Then, lying down, exhausted, I was soon overtaken with a deep slumber, that made me oblivious to all around.

But neither the weariness of my body, nor the heaviness of my heart appear to have interfered with the activity of my mind, for I scarcely could have closed my eyes before a remarkable vision passed before me. A vision so vivid, so powerful, and so intimately associated with the things that most deeply interest Salvationists, that I feel I must relate it for the benefit of any to whom it may apply, and that, unless I am mistaken, will be a remarkable number of the readers of the "War Cry."

Chapter II

With that remarkable sense of reality sometimes experienced in dreams, I found myself in what appeared to be a magnificent mansion of considerable proportions. Its numerous rooms were brilliantly lighted, and crowded with elegant furniture. Carpets soft to the tread and charming to the eye covered the floors, stairways, and passages. Costly pictures adorned the walls, bookshelves full to overflowing filled the recesses, while organs, pianos, statuary, and banks of beautiful flowers were everywhere. It was indeed a veritable palace of delight.

In one of the largest, most highly decorated, and most luxuriously furnished apartments was a young man. When I entered he stood with his arm resting on the mantelpiece, gazing into the fire now burning low in the grate. The room, unlike other parts of the house, was only dimly lit. The flickering light of the fire falling on him showed him to be tall, and slim, and dark, with an intelligent countenance, and, taken altogether, of pre-

possessing appearance. At the moment, I can have family, home, and reputation, poor, that lay on the table. "I have a thousand other things. How favorably the providence of God has fixed my portion, and given me all these things to enjoy.

"What then shall I do with the future?



He stood with his arm resting on the mantelpiece

even now it stands out vividly in my memory.

But see, he walks to and fro, and there is plenty of room for this kind of exercise in this spacious apartment. As he walks he talks.

"What a future is mine!" he said. "I have a loving father and mother, I have congenial friends, considerable wealth, and a large estate. They tell me that I have genius. I know that I can marry,

Let me see." Then, suddenly he paused in his talk, rang the bell, and asked the servant a question about some engagement. Resuming his walk, he fell back into the track of his meditations. "What shall I do with my life?

"I will maintain my position, cherish my parents, and be kind to my friends. I will be generous to good works. Ah!" Then a sudden thought seemed to seize him as his eye fell on an appeal on behalf of the

Christian hope in addition to all my temporal blessings. What a fortunate fellow I am."

Here I thought I heard a slight movement outside the door—some one was evidently entering; I fancied it was the servant coming in again, and turned my eyes in that direction. It was very late, and, in my dreams, I wondered who else it could be at that hour of the night. But it was not the servant. Who was it?

The door seemed to open as if of itself, and a strange figure, all unannounced, walked across the floor, and, without any invitation or ceremony, seated himself on a chair beside the fire.

The room was, as I have said, only dimly lit, so that I had only a very imperfect view of the strange visitor, but, so far as I could gather from his appearance, he belonged to the artisan class; anyway, he wore the garb of a working man. He looked tired and run down, as might have been expected in one who had just come off some long journeys, and who, in consequence, greatly needed rest. I could see, as he sat in the shadow, but little of his countenance, but what I did see made me wish to see more. Altogether he impressed me with the idea of sadness and weariness, telling of a heavy load of care; and yet there was about him a quietness of demeanor that seemed to testify to the possession of great inward strength and peace.

What surprised me much with the advent of this stranger, was the fact that the owner of the mansion, for such I judged the young man to be, expressed no surprise at his appearance. Perhaps it was concerning his visit that he had spoken to the servant a few minutes before. Anyway, I concluded that he must have been expected, and it was soon plain that this was the case. A stranger to me, he was no stranger to this young gentleman, who, a little time before, had, with such satisfaction, been laying down his plans for the future. Perhaps the reason why he did not bid him welcome was that he did not care to see him. However, nothing introductory was said by either. The night was very chilly. The stranger drew near to the fire. He was evidently cold, and the young man took a chair opposite him. There, for a season, they sat in silence, while I wondered what could be the meaning of it all.

Chapter III

At last the stranger spoke. As he did so he turned his eyes full on the young man, and, through the gloom, I could see they were wonderful eyes—not so much in their peculiar formation, as in the capacity they possessed for expressing the feelings of the heart. As I looked into them, they seemed to speak volumes of sorrow. They were evidently the windows through which a sorrowful soul looked out upon a sinning and sorrowing world.

But if his eyes were remarkable, his voice was more remarkable still. Soft

and melodious, and yet, oh, so piercing, it seemed to penetrate and thrill the whole being as it fell upon the ear.

"You will be surprised to see me," he said. "I have appealed to you before, but appealed in vain. I have sent letters, but they have brought no answer; messengers, but there has been no response. Now I am come myself." At these words an anxious look passed over the young man's face, but he made no reply.

"You are too much occupied to think about my affairs," the Stranger went on. "You have so much to do with your studies, and your pleasures, and your recreations, and the rest of it, that any serious thought

own boasted fatherland. All yesterday I was wandering in and out of the slums of your great cities."

As he pronounced the word "slum" I fancied that his eyes glanced upwards at the pictured ceilings, and around at the gilded cornices, and the crimson hangings, and luxurious furniture of the apartment in which we were sitting. If it were so, and if he made any comparison in his heart, he did not offer any remark upon it, but simply proceeded in his quiet manner:

"Yes, I have been up and down the creaking, rotten, staircases, and in and out of the filthy, empty chambers, and seen the nakedness, and hunger, and wretchedness that reigns there.

"I have been wandering, too, in and out of the haunts of drunkenness, and looked on the multitudes that no man can number, of men and women, whose bodies, and minds, and souls, and lives, and families, and neighbors, are cursed for ever and ever by the darkest curse known, the curse of the monster drink.

"Yesterday I saw a young man, insane with the maddening passion, strangle his fair young wife. I saw a mother dash out the brains of a child of tender years, while not far away I saw a son dye the white hairs of his aged father with that father's crimson blood."

"Horrible, horrible, horrible!" ejaculated the young man.

"Yes," continued the Stranger, "I have stood for hours and hours in the glittering drink palaces, and watched men and women with alluring smiles and flattering words, for the gain of a little gold, deal out the fiery fluid which they knew full well would carry destruction to their customers."

Here the workings of the young man's face indicated that his heart was very powerfully moved, and when the Stranger paused he broke in: "Oh, something shall be done, the poor slaves shall have a chance. Where are the temperance people? We will have legislation. I will vote for it. I will go into Parliament. I will drink no more; never shall another drop of the murdering beverage enter my house, or cross my lips." And then, in his agitation, he walked several times across the room.

As he calmed down, the Stranger went on in the same quiet, piercing tones—"All last night I was in the streets, and in and out of the houses of ill-fame. There I saw thousands and thousands of women, young and old, many of whom were once, oh, so innocent and beautiful, the joy and hope of their mother's heart, but who are now, alas! bereft alike of virtue and shame. I saw them with their mouths full of ribaldry, dead to all womanly feeling, revelling in the ruin that they spread, as they rushed recklessly down the steep incline to rotteness, death, and endless woe."

"I am always busy with the miseries and evil-doing of men. I am a regular visitor of the prisons. Do you ever look inside those dwellings of despair?" he asked, but without waiting for an answer to his question, he quickly continued. "If you visited those places as I do, you would find hundreds, nay thousands, of men and women, of all ages, shut up like wild beasts. Shut up, I say, away from love, and hope, and heaven, and you might almost say, from a right and true knowledge of God Himself. If you saw those desolate creatures, or could find time to muse a little on their wretched lot, your heart would ache, I think, as mine does, to remember what a grim necessity is laid upon them to come in and out of those gloomy walls with monotonous regularity, until their miserable career is ended by the criminal's hopeless death.

"All day and all night," he continued, "I gaze on the maddened crowds absorbed in the frenzied search for gold, and fame, and pleasure. I mingle amongst them on the exchange, in the market, on the race course, in the theatres, in public, and in private, on land, and on sea.

"All day and all night I see the melancholy procession of human souls as it marches on, on, on, down the broad road which leads to destruction, reckless of my Father's honor, or their own interest here or hereafter; on, on they go direct to misery and death.

"Yes, I see them now. Can you not see them?" And raising himself up, and taking a step forward, he gazed with a far-away look towards the window. "Can you not see them?" he enquired again. "Tramp, tramp, on they go to the grave, and to destruction. Oh, the gates of hell are scarcely wide enough to receive them.

Here the young man again interposed, this time in a piercing cry, that made me start again. "Oh, awful, awful!" he exclaimed, "and yet I know it all—have known it long. Oh, say no more, I cannot bear it! Oh, my God, where are the bishops, and the clergy, and the ministers, and the priests, and the Salvation Army? Where are they? What are they all doing? Can I do anything? How different life looks to me this hour to what it did an hour ago. What can I do? I will pray—I will give—I will write—I will talk to my friends—I will, I will, I will!" and then he worked off his excited feelings by again pacing the floor.

Chapter IV

Then there was a long, I might say a painful pause. The fire burnt lower, the weary traveler's voice was silent, when, strange to say, although everybody knows that strange things happen in dreams, the young man seemed to fade away from sight, and, curiously enough, I found myself in his place. But what was stranger still, I seemed to have been in his place all the time. Now I thought that it was I who owned the mansion, it was I who sat by the fireplace gazing on the Stranger, it was my heart that had been pierced and torn by the words that had been spoken,

and that it was my mind that had been occupied with wondering thoughts as to what could be done to deal with the harrowing circumstances the Stranger had so graphically described.

* * * *

For a time, I have said, all was silent. It was growing late and the visitor made no signs of retiring. I wondered why. It would have been a relief to have been left alone. I wanted time to consider. I felt I must do something—but what? I looked at my watch, and, thinking I saw the Stranger shiver. I stirred up the fire, on which the flame blazed out, falling with full glow upon his face, and what a face that was! It fairly startled me again, it seemed so familiar. Was it my imagination only? No, I must have seen that face before.

He lifted up his hand; again was it my imagination playing with me? But there was certainly a wound, and there seemed to be what, in the dim light, looked like blood upon his hand. Had he met with an accident? What did it all mean? It was all so strange, and yet I did not ask him to explain; I simply wondered who my visitor could be.

* * * *

I waited. He spoke again—"Can't you hear the wailing of the poor, doomed children?" said he, "doomed, not by God, but man. Can't you hear their sobs and cries, as their little feet tread the thorny road of evil?

"Can't you hear the clanking chains of the slaves, the groans of the wounded and the dying on the battlefield, and the moans of the paupers in the workhouse prisons?

"Can't you hear the curses and blasphemies, which, like an infernal chorus, are going up to heaven all the time?

"Can't you hear the despairing cries of men and women perishing in their sins? Cannot you hear?" And as he spoke, he raised himself up with an anguish that evidently filled his heart.

"Can't you hear the sounds of the weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, of the men and women who have gone down to hell, because no man cared for their souls?"

As he pronounced the word "hell," a shudder went through me. I cried out in bitterness. "Something must be done! Someone must go! Men and women cannot be left to perish without a hand being stretched out to help them. Who, who, who will go?"

All at once the Stranger rose, came over the beautiful carpet to the spot on which I stood, and fixed his eyes full upon me. Beneath that gaze I was moved to my heart's deepest core; I trembled from head to foot. And then he spoke. He only uttered two words, but they went to my inmost soul. All through the night, again and again, my heart had beaten so wildly that at times it seemed as though it must force its way through my breast, but those two words seemed to make it stand silent and still. What were those words?

"Go Yourself."

* * * *

"Go myself? What? Me go?" I said. "How could I go, and whatever use would I be if I went?"



"While I spoke another change came over my vision"

Me go? Impossible!" I inwardly gasped. It was only the whisper of my heart, but the Stranger seemed to hear my thoughts, for soft and low he answered back, "All things are possible."

But I went on thinking as though he had not spoken, saying to myself, "What, leave my father and (Continued on page 4)



"I have been wandering, too, in and out of the haunts of drunkenness."

about my work is pushed on one side. But my business is urgent now, and I want an answer to the request I have sent you, and I want it tonight."

The young man was still silent, but, as the Stranger spoke of wanting an answer to some request at once, I fancied that I saw him shake his head, as if to say, "That cannot be."

"You know what my business is," quietly said the Stranger. "The sins and sorrows of the world fill me with anguish, they are a great burden on my heart. Night and day I wander to and fro, a living witness of all the horrid oppressions and cruelties practiced between man and man; and all the wrongs, and rebellions, and indignities that are heaped upon my Heavenly Father. I must do something more effectual than has yet been accomplished to change this terrible condition of things. I want you to help me. You can do much, but there is only a very little time."

At this, I thought I heard the young man say, under his breath, "What can I do?"

The Stranger went on—"I have just come from India. There I have seen 300,000,000 of men, women, and children, with only an exception here and there, still in the darkness of heathendom. I have seen the miseries flowing out of their castes, and ignorance, and a thousand other things. I was there during the dark days of the ghastly famine. But famine," he said, "with its attendant plagues of hunger and disease, and death, is the ordinary lot of 40,000,000 of these poor people. I know it well. I am always visiting them. Indeed, I see, I know it all.

"But then, there is the spiritual darkness. You believe, don't you," turning his eyes on the young man, "that these people are superior to cattle, that they have souls that ought to be saved? You believe that they ought to know their Heavenly Father, the way to His favor, and that they ought to have a chance of getting to Heaven? I want 50,000 men and women who will go and tell them all about that way. Their ears and hearts are open. Shall they have the opportunity? What say you?"

I saw by the twitching of his features that the young man's feelings had been gathering force as the Stranger proceeded, and I was not surprised to hear him break in, on being thus appealed to, "Oh, they must be helped, and they shall be helped! They shall live and not die in the darkness. Who will go?"

"There is our governess, she has a tender heart, she might go. My coachman is a Salvationist; send him—he would be willing, I think. Then, there is the housemaid—I fancy she cares about the heathen. Somebody must go, and as to the cost, I will subscribe, yes, I will give liberally."

I could not help being pleased with the warm feelings displayed by the young man, but the Stranger seemed to be disappointed, and a cloud passed over his face; he was evidently expecting something more than was implied in this little speech. But there was no alteration in his manner, and he went on:

"You will not be surprised to hear that I have beheld more harrowing scenes than these, in this, your

KINDLING A REVIVAL FLAME

The story of how a Great Work started in a Corps where nothing had happened for years

Translated from the Swedish by MRS. MAJOR LARSON

THE work at the Corps in W—had tractated a bad cold, and she now trembled at the mere thought of being laid on a sick-bed. nothing had happened that even resembled a Revival. No new page had been started in the Convert's Register for over three years.

The young girl-Captain who had been

tracted a bad cold, and she now trembled at the mere thought of being laid on a sick-bed. The people were coming now for the Watchnight Service. It was expected that the building would be filled to capacity, yea, more than that, and it would

Officers arrived back at their Quarters.

The two gatherings on New Year's Day added to their joy. The Holiness Meeting brought all the Comrades down at the Cross, reconsecrating themselves for holy service. Then the final battle of the day was wonderful. Never, since the beginning of the Corps had the Soldiers seen anything like it. There were six souls for Salvation, and this was marvellous. Gratitude and praise filled their hearts to overflowing. Surely a new year was dawning, and the time of revival had come.

As for the Captain, she was simply beaming. She had no time to think about that queer pain in her chest. With a voice ringing like a joybell she announced that there would be revival Meetings conducted every night the following week. Starting out with a Prayer-Meeting on the Saturday night, every Soldier and friend of the Army was invited to come and pray that the fire of which they had already seen the first flames, should spread all over the town.

So they had parted. The Officers went home to rest and sleep, but for the Captain there was to be no sleep. For one thing, her soul was deeply stirred by the thought of a dawning revival, but also she felt an enemy approaching and sickness getting the better of her.

It was certainly a long night for the sick girl, and when morning dawned and the alarm-clock went off, calling the two Salvationists to a new day's duty and work she was unable to leave her bed. The Lieutenant had to do the work alone and she also went alone to conduct the

Prayer-Meeting. By that time the Captain, whose temperature had run up alarmingly, was in agony. She thought of the poor Lieutenant, who was yet so inexperienced, and so timid and afraid of platform work. Her thoughts also went to the many souls who were in need of help and guidance; she thought of the Campaign which demanded both physical and spiritual strength; of the new converts, the first-fruits of her labors and a sure sign that God was with her. As she thought of it all she was almost beside herself, desperate, that now, when she was needed the most she was on a sick bed.

At the Meeting the Lieutenant explained things and urged upon them the need of prayer. A few of the older Comrades went to see their sick leader, and tried to cheer her. Suddenly she said, "Comrades, if you wish to see me well and out to the Meetings tomorrow, then you must now and here, kneel down before God and ask Him to heal me. He can and will if we only believe. I believe He is going to perform a miracle." A fervent Prayer-Meeting started round the Captain's bed. Pleadingly, entreatingly, rose the prayers like holy incense to the throne of God, and when they finally stood on their feet and sang, "Oh, for trust that brings the triumph," not one of them doubted. They were all sure that tomorrow morning the Captain would step on the platform and lead her Corps to the living water and break the bread of life.

Shortly after the Comrades had left, the Captain was fast asleep. Resting quietly all night she awoke on the Sabbath morning with the fever gone and no more pain.

Fully restored, she went to the Holiness Meeting where, with her heart full of gratitude to God, she delivered her message of the wonderful works of God. "Still greater things" were the Captain and the Comrades privileged to see. The same spirit continued and many were the souls who were brought from darkness to light.

The little Captain certainly realised that there is a sure hearing when you take it "To the Lord in prayer."



Looked at the open pages of the Converts' Register

in charge since the change in the Fall, be as hot as a baker's oven, although it sat this New Year's Eve, some hours before the Watchnight service, and looked

at the open pages of this Register. Realising the importance of such a book for a soul-saving concern she became more and more filled with agony. Ahead of her she saw weeks and weeks of Campaign and knew that it depended more or less on herself. Her Lieutenant, a good, godly girl, did willingly all that was

The Captain knelt down and poured out her soul in earnest prayer to God for strength to do her work, and for the salvation of the people to whom she should deliver the message of Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

* * *

The New Year's season was past. Oh! Such Meetings they had had. What asked of her, but she was not gifted for public work. If the Captain had only been strong and robust it would not have been so bad, but being delicate and very sensitive to changes in temperature such as an Army Officer must endure, coming from an overheated Hall to insufficiently heated Quarters, she had already con-

tinued to the Mercy Seat. The man, who had been an infidel, had a great struggle to believe, but finally he got the victory, and it was a glorious one. It was not until two o'clock in the morning that the



A fervent prayer meeting started around the Captain's bedside

CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 3)

"mother?" and I thought of all their love and grey hairs, and my obligation to them. Impossible!

What, leave my home, with all its luxuries and associations! And rapidly my mind traveled from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, and then out into the garden, and again I said to myself, "Impossible!" and then again, as though he heard my thoughts, the Stranger whispered, "All things are possible."

Then I thought of the breaking up of all my plans for the future—plans for acquiring wealth, and winning fame, and finding pleasure—and again I inwardly exclaimed, "Impossible! It cannot be!" while once more the Stranger in his low, clear, piercing tones, answered, "All things are possible."

And then my feelings got the better of me, and I said aloud, "It cannot be. No one has ever been asked to make such a sacrifice before. No one has ever been expected to leave so much and go down so low."

While I spoke another change came over my vision. The luxurious apartment, with its gildings, and furnishings, and comforts, suddenly assumed the appearance of a stable. Here were cattle, there were rough servants, here were weary, worn peasants preparing to pass the night upon the straw, and there was a manger, and in the manger was a lovely Babe, oh, so fascinating, so lovely a child. So fascinating and so lovely was it that it fairly captivated me—made me forget the stable, and its tenants, and all else besides, and as I gazed upon it, I could not help fancying that I saw something in its features with which I was familiar.

But while I wondered and wondered, the scene changed once more, and the stable was gone and the mansion had come back. Once more I was in the drawing-room, and again the visitor was sitting in his chair, and turning his face towards me, as though wondering what I was going to do. I beheld in him the features of the Heavenly Child.

Now I saw it all—how blind I must have been not to have seen it before. My Lord had come Himself to invite me to follow Him. Then my heart broke, and, falling at His feet, and bathing them with my tears, I cried out:

"My Lord and my God, I will love Thee, I will worship Thee, I will sing for Thee, I will pray for Thee,

A Sinner's Plea at Christmas

As those men of long ago
Bowed themselves before Thee,
Lord, I come bending low;
Saviour, listen to me.

All my guilty past I leave,
All the wrong that hindered;
I forsake the evil path
In which for years I lingered.

Thou hast promised peace to me,
If I come believing;
Christ of Bethlehem, I believe;
Just now I'm Thee receiving.

I will talk for Thee, I will give Thee my house, my money, my all. But, oh, ask me not for such a sacrifice, ask me not to go on such a mission. How could I go to the heathen, or the slums, or the criminals, or the drunkards, or the ignorant, mocking crowds? It might mean to me not only poverty, and sorrow, and suffering, but death itself. Oh, I cannot face that, I cannot! Ask anything but that."

And then, suddenly, the gloomy room was flooded with light, and the Stranger rose up, and, standing forth, the robes fell from His shoulders, and the covering from His head, and, for the first time, I had a fair view of Him, and, oh, what a vision it was!

I felt at first as though paralyzed. His countenance was beautiful beyond description. His forehead was torn as though with thorns. His hands and feet seemed to be stained with blood. His side still showed the murderous gash through which the spear reached His heart.

For a moment we looked into each other's eyes, and then He opened His arms to welcome me, and as He stood there, with those blessed arms outstretched, it seemed as though I could see Him actually suffering, praying, and dying for me on the accursed tree.

And then again I fell before Him—this time stammering out, with broken speech, "Lord, forgive the selfish withholding of the past; there shall be no more wretched excuses. Thou didst go to the lowest depths for me. Here I am, send me where Thou wilt.

Let Me Go."

Then those blessed arms enfolded me, lifted me to His bosom, and pressed me to His heart, and, with the rapture of that embrace, I woke, and wept to find Him gone. It was a dream.

Christmas in Canadian History

THE first Christmas ever kept in Canada was by Jacques Cartier and his brave handful of Breton sailors, as they wintered by the great rock where Quebec was to rise, in 1533. They doubtless kept it in the French fashion, more as a religious festival than the English did, for the French, like their allies the Scotch, did their feasting at New Years. But they doubtless had the pretty French "Peace-making," when Cartier would read from his French Bible—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be known as the children of God." And any of the hotheads in that company who had had angry words—and perhaps more, would be urged by their friends to come forward and shake hands.

But that first Canadian Christmas could not have been a merry one, for many of Cartier's men were dead or dying of scurvy.

The second time white men wintered in Canada was in Nova Scotia, in 1605, and there they suffered too terribly from the scurvy to keep any kind of feast; but the next summer the genius of Champlain took hold of things, insisting on trying to grow European vegetables in Canada—though all the agricultural experts in Europe said that nothing belonging to the old world could possibly flourish in the new. However, the vegetables did grow and with them, especially onions, scurvy was banished—it being caused by a salt meat diet—and the Christmas of 1606 was a very merry one, kept with feasting and games. And more than that, that Christmas meant that the white man had come to Canada to stay.

The next Christmas Day marked in Canadian history in 1635; but in the tiny French colony of Quebec it was kept with half-masted flags and tolling bells, for early that Christmas morning, Samuel de Champlain, Maker of Canada, had died.

It is good indeed that Canada had for her founder a man who, besides being brave and energetic, was as true as man could be. We may think sometimes that "sharp" men are the ones who prosper, but our history shows us that the reason why French Canada never had a war with Canadian Indians—the Iroquois were invaders, from what is now New York State—was because it was impossible for Champlain to cheat or lie; and so he founded Quebec, on the foundations of peace with the Indians of Lower Canada, and the haughty Hurons of Ontario. And then he died on the Feast of Peace, December 25, 1635.

The old-fashioned English Christmas came to Canada with the 20,000 United Empire Loyalists who founded New Brunswick; and the 25,000 who first peopled Upper Canada, our Ontario. It was at Christmas, 1783, that the first Yule Logs were cut in the Ontario forests, and dragged to the settlements by shouting men and boys, for no beast must ever be yoked to the log which was "Christmas!"

This was before stoves were used in Ontario, and though those wide open hearths must have left the houses chilly in zero weather, yet, when the stove came in the Yule Log had to go, and it is only when looking back to those first pioneer Christmases, that we can see the pretty picture of the family and guests standing round the hearth on Christmas Eve, while the master of the house solemnly lit the great log, and by the light of the flames read aloud the Gospel story of Bethlehem.

It was the custom then to have the religious service on Christmas Eve, and feasting and games on Christmas Day. In addition to the old English games, corn-popping was a recognized Christmas amusement in those pioneer days.

Then on December 25, 1790, was the first wedding in Upper Canada, when the only minister in Upper Canada then who could perform a legal marriage, rode from Kingston to what is now Maitland, on horseback, to marry the couple waiting him in the house all decked with spruce boughs and dried bunches of red rowan berries, (for holly does not grow in Ontario, and it was not imported then) and lit by the dancing flames of the Yule Log.

We must not forget those old time Christmas dinners; venison was the chief dish, with salmon and

whitefish, for a first course, and partridges and wild turkey to follow the deer meat. There was bread, of course, and abundance of butter; but pumpkins and onions seem to be the main vegetables. For dessert there was a quantity of pies, of dried and preserved berries; and cakes of maple sugar.

The next Christmas date noted in our history is also a pleasant homely one—A fortnightly mail was established between Canada and the United States Dec. 20, 1792. So that year the first Christmas mail was exchanged across the border (before that, letters were carried by private messengers.) Those old Christmas mail bags would be interesting if we could see them now; there were no Christmas postcards, but many thick letters; for those were letter writing days, when people covered many sheets with beautifully fine writing, as clear as type. Then there would be some copies of the one and only newspaper in Ontario—the "Upper Canada Gazette"—a sheet fifteen by nine and a half inches; it appeared weekly, and its price was \$3 a year. But its Christmas editorials and advertisements had the same spirit if not the same wording as ours.

Our next date is December 24, 1812. The war of 1812 has blasted Upper Canada with fire. Settlement after settlement has been destroyed by the invading Americans; and five Ontario towns have been wantonly burnt. Everywhere are black ashes; and the graves of brave men, who have died in battle with the invaders, or have fallen victims to "swamp fever" (malaria) caused by having to live and fight in the bush, with no food but game meat, and often being forced to eat that raw, as a fire would have betrayed their presence to the enemy, who so greatly outnumbered our men.

Still the Canadians fought on, till England, having beaten down Napoleon, was able to come to the aid of her brave colony; and after she had burnt Washington, the United States began to think of peace. So in December, 1814, the British and American commissioners met at Ghent in Belgium, to arrange the terms of peace.

The bells in all the quaint old churches were ringing in the twilight, ringing joy peals, for it was Christmas Eve, the beginning of the festival of the Prince of Peace, when peace was signed, between England and Canada and the United States!

1814, and 1926! one hundred and twelve times the Christmas bells have rung out for peace since then, and the peace between Canada and the United States has never been broken, and we have:

"Four thousand miles of a boundary line
With never a fort or gun to guard."

Another important Christmas in Canadian history is December 24, 1866. Three weeks before, sixteen men had met in Westminster Hall, London, England, to frame the British North America Act, forming the colonies—of Upper and Lower Canada, and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who as colonies were partially ruled from England—into one Canada, a self-governing Dominion!

And all the sixteen men were Canadians, for England had so ordered that only Canadian men should make the Act that was to make Canada!

Upper and Lower Canada had sent John A. Macdonald (Father of Confederation) with Messrs. Galt, Cartier, Howland, McDougall and Langevin; from Nova Scotia came Messrs. Tupper, Archibald, McCully and Fisher; while New Brunswick sent Messrs. Tilley, Fisher, Mitchell, Johnstone, and Wilmot.

And on that Christmas Eve the Commission had finished their work, the Bill was ready to be presented for passing to the British Parliament, and then it would receive Queen Victoria's signature, and become our law, on July 1, 1867!

The last thing done on that Christmas Eve was to choose a title for the newborn CANADA; and Tilley of New Brunswick read aloud—"He shall have dominion—this Dominion—from sea to sea."

From the hundred spires of grand Old London rang out the Christmas bells; they were the christening chimes of CANADA the DOMINION marked in her birth hour with the sign of Christ and of Peace.—E. A. Taylor in "The Farmer's Advocate."



CAPTAIN LIGHTHEART'S CHRISTMAS GUEST

Or How the Worst Man in Gloverville was Won for God and the Army

By ADJUTANT W. PUTT

again by his frequent visitation and evident concern on their behalf. Because of this fact new life had come to the Corps as all the town was aware.

Very few conversions had happened lately and this fact worried the Captain not a little. It was all right, he thought, to get the Corps on its feet financially, and have a respectable congregation meet every Sunday, and a night or two in the week, but were there no deep-dyed sinners in the place they could get after?

His meditations were cut short by his arrival at the tiny cottage near the Hall which did duty for the Quarters. Thrusting the key into the lock he opened the door and was soon inside. The fire in the kitchen range had burnt low, but a few sticks of wood quickly revived it. After a while the kettle began to sing cheerily and the Captain prepared for himself a frugal repast.

He had been appointed in charge of the Corps alone, but by this time he had accustomed himself to his own company. Often he had smiled over his first attempts at batchin—he was none too good at it yet—but determination and practice went a long way and his efforts were, well—passable!

Five Invitations to Dinner

As he meditatively buttered a round of toast, he recalled with a start that five invitations had been proffered him by friends to share their Christmas dinner. As yet he had accepted none as he was a little afraid that in accepting one, the others might feel slighted. And Captain Lightheart, as a wise leader, was in the habit of treating his Soldiers with the strictest impartiality.

A bright idea suddenly struck him. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed to himself, bringing his fist down upon the table with such force as to make the teapot dance a jig. "I'll invite drunken old Jake Miggs to have dinner with me, and fix up everything myself. The Founder said, 'Go for the worst,' and surely there's no one worse than he in Gloverville." Dropping on his knees the Captain returned thanks for his repast and without waiting to clear the table, bounded through the doorway in search of his guest-to-be.

Old Jake lived in a miserable shack on the outskirts of the town. He rarely did any work, lived in a state of abject poverty, and was drunk half the time. He was looked upon with intense disgust by many of the towns-people, and children were afraid of him.

Often in his drunken fits, had Jake interfered with the Army Open-Air Meetings, but he had never been inside the Hall. He seemed utterly destitute of any desire to improve his wretched surroundings and condition, and lived hermit fashion, by himself.

When Captain Lightheart knocked at the door of the shack there was no immediate response. Finally a shaky voice bid him enter and he obeyed.

"Whad'ye want?" growled Jake, who was seated on the edge of a broken-down camp bed. There was no other article of furniture saving a box and a table, so the visitor sat down on the former.

"I came to invite you over to my place for Christmas dinner. I'm all alone and I had a notion that you might care to keep me company. There's lots to eat."

Jake stared his surprise. If he had received a blow between the eyes he could not have been more so. His mouth opened and shut in a convulsive manner. Finally he gave vent to a hoarse chuckle. "Me dine with you—the Army Captain, indeed. Why, I haint been invited out for nigh on twenty years. Anyway, nobody wants a beast of a fellow like me." There was a bitter tone in his voice as he uttered the last sentence.

The Captain spoke softly and persuasively and to his relief—he had set his heart on getting his man—Jake agreed to accept the invitation. To make assurance doubly sure the Captain arranged to call for him the next morning.

A Kindly Gift

On his way home Lightheart purchased some necessary provisions. When he reached the Quarters he almost stumbled over a large box on the step. Stooping down he found some kindly disposed person had left a piece of bacon, a couple of juicy beef-steaks and some loaves of home-made bread. "Praise the Lord!" he ejaculated, gleefully. "This will help us well over Christmas."

The greater part of Christmas Eve the Captain spent upon his knees. He was praying for his guest of the morrow, and earnestly petitioned that God would give him the worst man in Gloverville.

* * * *

Christmas morning broke bright and fair. Lightheart thought of his folks on the old homestead, a thousand miles or more away. They would be having a great time today. He was scarcely more than a

lad and it is not to be wondered at that a lump came into his throat for a moment. He dismissed the scene however, from his mind; he must prepare for his special guest.

As we have already stated, in culinary affairs Lightheart was not an expert. He determined, however, to put up the best meal he knew how for his company. And so he peeled the potatoes and prepared the meat with extra care. He knew also that his guest would not be too particular as to the serving of the meal providing that it was substantial.

When all was nearly ready and the potatoes browning around the savoury-smelling roast to his satisfaction, the Captain laid the only clean tablecloth he had on the table, arranged the sundry articles of cutlery and dishes, and then went in search of his guest.

Tried to Spruce Up

He found Jake all right and evidently expecting the visitor, for he had made an attempt to wash himself and straighten his clothing. He had even made an endeavor to comb his matted hair and effect a parting. The Captain did not know it, but this was Jake's first effort in this direction for a long time. The kindly invitation of the Captain had inspired him.

"Merry Christmas!" grinned Lightheart, mightily relieved that Jake had evidently purposed keeping his word. "Ready to come over?" Jake gave a mumbbling response and in silence the two left the shack.

At the Quarters the Captain endeavored to put his guest at ease and make him feel at home. He showed him into the only rocker he possessed in the Quarters and told him dinner would be ready in a few minutes. Lightheart then slipped on a white apron, busied himself around the kitchen range and finally served up a piping-hot repast.

Old Jake needed not a second invitation to take a chair at the table, although the sight of a clean white table-cloth seemed to unnerve him somewhat. Lightheart said grace and the oddly assorted couple proceeded to make short work of the appetizing meal. Which of the two enjoyed it the most it would be hard to say, Jake who devoured the food with no half-hearted energy, or the Captain from watching his guest eat.

When they had eaten to repletion Lightheart turned to Jake and said, "I never retire from the table-



"I came to invite you over to my place for Christmas dinner," said the Captain

to say that business was "not too bad," which was quite a concession on his part. He had even gone so far as to put a quarter in the Salvation Army tambourine on the last two Saturday nights when the lassie collector passed by, a hitherto unknown occurrence.

Yes, things were in prosperous shape, not only in the town, but in the Corps. Lightheart's Corps finances were good, his five hundred Christmas "War Crys" had sold like the proverbial hot cakes and there was not a single Comrade of the little Corps out of harmony with his plans and who was not with him wholeheartedly in his undertakings. He had proved himself a godly and capable Officer during his stay of six months, and had earned the goodwill of all.

Felt Downhearted

Yet, tonight, as he plodded homeward, the Captain felt particularly depressed in spirits. Despite the fact that all the joy that comes through helping needy families, visiting the sick and other works of mercy had been his, he was still downhearted. Only half an hour previous he had, through the help given him by several generously inclined members of the community, been able to gladden the hearts of a destitute family with a well-filled hamper of goodies. He had chuckled hugely at the sight of Joey, the youngest member of the family and just able to talk, clapping his tiny hands, lisping in his baby way, "Now we'll be able to have a real Klistmas, after all." "May Heaven bless you Captain," the mother had said, after he had had a word of prayer with the family, her eyes brimming over and her voice trembling with emotion.

That was his last visit of mercy that day, but Lightheart's mind did not dwell upon the happiness which his toil and sacrifice had brought to others; he was thinking of something else.

Truth to tell, he was taking mental stock of things. He had, he told himself, been stationed at Gloverville for several months, and not a great deal had been accomplished. True, the Corps was out of debt, the Soldiers pulled well together and he had earned the goodwill of the townspeople. Not a few had openly passed flattering remarks about "The Army Captain being a real asset to the community."

On the other hand, but few conversions had been recorded. Most of these had been backsliders of long standing who had been helped to take their stand



Beside him, sobbing as if his heart would break, crouched old Jake

without giving thanks to God. Perhaps you would like to join me." He suited the action to the word by getting down on his knees.

Jake regarded this strange procedure in silence. The Captain noticed that out of the corner of one of his guest's eyes a tear was starting to trickle. His heart, hardened by the excesses of many years, had been touched by the kindness shown him. Lightheart intuitively saw in a flash that this outcast was won. God had answered his prayer.

It was a picture to behold. The lad, with his finely chiselled face, uplifted in earnest prayer, while beside him, sobbing as though his heart would break, crouched old Jake, the drunkard, for whom none cared. The song of the angels was repeated that Christmas Day because a new born soul had entered the Kingdom of Heaven.

Old Jake became one of the best Soldiers of the Corps and a highly-respected citizen of the town, but never did he cease to praise God for that memorable day when he had Christmas dinner with "Cap'n Lightheart."



Until we Find

BY THE GENERAL



IN THE early days of our work in the East End of London there happened many remarkable incidents. I daresay that some of them took undue prominence in my experience because of my youth and my early love for souls. But the fact that I was not only a recorder of these happenings, but also in my small way an active partner in many of the circumstances which led up to or followed them, has served to fix them, or some of them, very firmly in my recollection. Moreover, many of them were of a nature likely to help me in my own faith and love, and in fact did so help me.

I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be of service to other souls in other times if some history of these things could be written. The human spirit is so alike in all times, and human life is so similar from generation to generation that I have come to feel that nothing which has happened, no matter how unusual or desperate, is without some lesson for what will happen—and that if we only knew how to read the writing on the events of the past we

should be better fitted to guide our lives, and minister to other lives, in the present. Is not this the principle which underlies the Apostle's words, when, in speaking of God's dealings with His ancient people, he says, 'now all these things happened unto them for an ensample, and they are written for our admonition.' Anyway, in our work for souls, that is, our work as soul-lovers and soul-seekers, the battles of the past, whether won or lost, can surely teach us many things.

Many of the most valuable and useful experiences of my early years were those in which I was permitted to join with my dear father in some of his own special work. His whole life became a kind of lesson-book for me as to all that related to work for God, and, though I fear that I was in many things a dull scholar, I certainly became a careful student of that life as, year by year and month by month, it opened before me. Among the most delightful and precious of the privileges thus accorded to me was that of going with the Founder now and then when he was visiting amongst the people in the streets of Whitechapel and Spitalfields. That visitation proved to be the beginning of Army visitation and was, of course, of a two-fold character—first, it was for the care of our own Mission people and the hunting up of the Converts brought in at the various Meetings, and secondly, it was for the purpose of seeking out the ungodly and the backsliders whom he wished to help and whom he desired to bring to the Meetings.

II

Some time in one of the middle seventies, we noticed in the Meetings at Whitechapel Hall a middle-aged man, who was generally accompanied by his daughter. He looked very much like what we afterwards came to know that he was—a fairly successful and well-conducted working man. His daughter, although very serious in manner and deportment, was a rather attractive girl of about eighteen. She was always with her father, and there seemed to be a specially confidential and affectionate relationship between the two. After some little time the daughter came under deep conviction of sin, and came at length to the Penitent-Form and gave herself to Christ in a most definite manner. At once she was a changed girl. The sombre, not to say gloomy expression of the past gave place to a



Turned to speak to her father, who had come into the room

joy and brightness which could not be mistaken. Soon she was taken in hand by the elder women and began to work in a quiet way for souls, especially showing an interest in girls of her own age, who, on and off, came to the Meetings. We all liked her.

In the course of a short time the old General found her name on his list for visitation, and I happened to be with him that day. The couple lived in a small house in one of the streets off the Mile End Road. They worked at some home industry—I forget now what it was—and the little place showed signs of comfort as well as of womanly taste and tact. The Founder was pleased with the girl's testimony, gave her some counsel, and then turned to speak to her father, who had come into the room during the conversation. Nothing of any importance could be got from him. He would neither say yes nor no. He was all but silent, and in his manner perhaps a little sullen. But he knelt down when our dear Founder prayed with the daughter and prayed also for him. When we left, I in my youthful enthusiasm was full of hope for his Salvation.

Many such visitations were paid after that, though I was not present. My further contact with either father or daughter was at the Hall, where now and then I spoke to them. After some months I became quite concerned for them. I felt a deep spiritual interest in the man. There was something so serious about him, and something so attractive in the intense anxiety which was manifested by the daughter, that I began to find myself quite troubled in spirit for his Salvation. I sought out the "Leader"—today we should call him a "Sergeant"—who was responsible for visiting them. He was a journeyman baker named Gable, a Convert of the Mission, a man of deep piety, who, with his wife, exercised a fine spiritual influence in the Society. We made a little covenant together to pray for him.

After a time I happened again to be out visiting with my father, and again this couple were on his list for the day. When we arrived,



Holding him back from the dark and cruel waters

the source of any news she might give him, she came downstairs, opened the door, and in a rather dramatic way said, "Well, if you was to ask me where they are"—and then in a loud whisper—"I should say they was gone to the River!"

In a flash the Founder guessed the trouble. We turned to a policeman, who told us of the nearest point at which we should find the River—a point, however, with which I was already acquainted. So we started immediately for the Minories at full speed. It was growing towards dark evening when we reached a certain narrow turning out of the main street, where there was then a passage or alley leading to a small flight of steps down to the water. Before we had proceeded very far along this dismal lane we could hear the voice of the daughter pleading with her father, and soon found her

(Continued on page 8)

ABU the ARAB



By
Lt.-Colonel Wm. Nicholson

THERE lived in the days of shadows a prophet who was more than a prophet, who was great and bold and good. And He, the Mighty One walked with Allah in the noon-day glory while the lion slept and the jackal was silent." So spake the One from Afar to Abu the camel man.

"Great is Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet" cried young Abu.

"His was a teaching of pity," said the One from Afar. "No sword was in His hand, no blood was on His garment. Bless your foes; curse no man, was His great teaching of love. And men grew glad at His words, and were filled with the brother-spirit.

"While the village dogs passed like foes in the darkness ere the big light rose, He left the haunts of men for the lair of the wild, and the dogs were quiet, my son, for fear when the Holy One went to the place of prayer where Allah came down and talked with the One who was great and bold and good."

"By the beard of the prophet, these are wonder words! But is the saying true, O One from Afar?"

"My words are not the words of a cunning magic; they are great words, and the saying is a true one."

"By the only true God, tell me more, O One from Afar! Allah be praised for your message of the Mighty One. Was he sure as the antelope, gentle as the gazelle, graceful as the palm tree, sweet as cooling waters to a thirsty camel man? Came He from Mecca, or the City of the Towers? Passed He swift as the Caliph's steed from villayet to villayet, and were the leagues of the desert of sand as naught to the Wonderful One? Tell me, O One from Afar! for, by Allah and the holy Koran, this was a Prophet—a Prophet worthy to enter the sacred tent. There was a Child of the sun and the stars, who came from the feet of Allah!"

And the One from Afar spake words soft and low, while the swift shadows fell, and the stars shone out from the velvet sky.

"Great was the magic of the Mighty One!" cried Abu. "To give drink to the thirsty, and food unto him who is an hungered, is a good work, and it is according to the teaching of Allah and the prophet. But to restore him whom the sun has blinded, and the big light of evening has smitten with madness, is a magic of a thousand years. That a prophet should make alive by a touch and give strength to the palsied limb, is more than a magic, if the saying is a true one."

"It is a true one, my son."

"As Allah is great, and Mohammed is His prophet, then this was a Prophet from the throne of the only true God."

* * *

"I would hear more, but the caravan starts at the rising of the moon, and there are leagues to cover ere the sun is as a fiery spear." Thus spake Abu, and he spake in Arabic; for he knew but little of the tongue

of the One from Afar, and he arose to depart, while the One from Afar sang softly in the night a hymn to the Mighty One.

And Abu, the Arab camel man, hearkened to the words. They were as sweet as water to the thirsty, and they sang in his heart. They were words golden as the risen sun, bright as the stars in the velvet sky. The One from Afar sat with soul moved by the words which told of acclamation to the name of the Holy One of whom he spake; of shining white ones who knelt before Him; of the bringing of the diadem of Allah to place on the brow which was pierced. Soft and low sang the stranger, softer and lower. And when Abu, the camel man, took his leave, in the eyes of the stranger shone a great light which Abu would fain have seen, but the mist of the

saw and heard the One from Afar, he was a true son of his tribe, caring naught for what happened before the coming of Islam, save what was written in the holy writings of the lives of the prophets, priests and patriarchs. Away many leagues from his father, had he not spent many days under the very shadow of the Tabor, walking the holy places where the feet of the patriarchs had trod? And, though he knew it not, the Mighty One of whom the stranger had spoken had passed even where he passed. And after many years in the valleys, where the gardens are fresh and green, he walked weary and restless, crying to Allah, for his spirit was sad. When the muezzin called he answered always, but his soul was heavy within him for the peace he longed for but could not find. Fatima of the shining eyes looked for his smile in vain; and she who bare him said.



Scarce had the camel knelt than he ran to her, crying "Allah be praised!"

morning was before his vision, and he saw not; but the golden words of the hymn went with him, and they sang in his heart. And though the march was long, and the heat was great, and Abu grew tired and thirsty, the leagues were as nothing for the gladness which came to his heart, where the words of the Great One were singing.

"Allah is great! Allah be praised!" He cried exultantly. "The news is good, and if the saying is true, I would be a believer if the One from Afar could teach me this teaching of love."

* * *

Abu the Arab despised the infidel, even as did his fathers before him. Until he

"Son of my heart, is it well with thee?" The grace of the beautiful Fatima who wept secretly by the well, and the sorrowing of his mother, were as naught to him while he was as a thirsty spirit longing only for the waters of the Living Stream.

Then met he the One from Afar, whose message from Allah was as light to the blind, drink to the thirsty, food to the hungry, a shadow from the heat. Then heard he the story of the Prophet who was more than a prophet, to whom Allah, the one and only true God, spake, as it is written. Then did the spirit in him kindle a desire after the way of truth; and because the moon rose early he had to go

forth with the camels many leagues to where the great sea lapped the shore, and the tribesmen of the One from Afar, clad in red like the banners of an army, blue like the desert sky, and gold like the sun, came in a great ship from the West—came not with curses and baksheesh and scorpions, like some, but with great tidings. While he sang the words of the hymn dear to the One from Afar his heart was knit with love for him. He would evermore love him as a child of the true faith; let the tongue be palsied which would not call the One from Afar a son of the tribe. He should be a brother of the blood who should sleep on his angerib and drink from his cup, for he loved him with a great love.

When the caravan reached the place where the great sea laps the shore, and the tribesmen of the One from Afar came in the great ship from the West, there was a stir in the quarter where the children of all nations walk—a host of people from other lands. Abu would fain have passed, for the hubbub was loud, and the sound of the music and singing was not in tune with his spirit, which was sad with a strange sadness; for since noon, when the sun was hot, and he was parched with the desert sand, and the camels were cursed with stubbornness, his mind would not bring the magic words which made the music which was so sweet to his spirit ere the young moon rose and the caravan started from the place where he had met the One from Afar.

Lo, like magic, his sadness went! For the words of the hymns of the One from Afar were ringing like the song of angels. It was a great rapture. Abu stood as one whom the prophet exalts to Paradise and his heart leaped for joy within, and he choked as when the sandstorm blew and the mists of the morning were in his eyes. Pressing nearer and nearer through the crowd of many lands, the golden words rang out clearer and clearer. These were not in Arabic; but he had caught their teaching, and he had listened well to the One from Afar, and in his heart he divined their meaning; for was he not an Arab and a son of the faithful! There were nigh unto threescore of the tribesmen of the One from Afar who had come from the great ship to sing the wonderful words:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

In the joy of hearing them, Abu forgot the long journey over the desert, and the sand and the stubborn camels, and he sang the words soft and low, like the One from Afar, and the light came into his eyes, and he knew it not, but sang and sang for the very joy of life. Of what the tribesmen of the One from Afar said to him Abu remembers but little—of the other songs they sang, of the prayers they prayed; but the music of the golden words went with him back into the desert. And when the sun waxed hot, and the camels lagged, and the sand was in his throat, Abu the Arab murmured not, but sang the new song and told his tribesmen the story of the great and Mighty One; and sometimes, they too, would join when he sang his song, for it was a good song, and it made the leagues seem fewer. And when Fatima saw Abu her heart rejoiced within her, for she saw he was glad with a great gladness, and his mother needed not to say, "Is it well with thee, my son?" for scarce had the camel knelt than he ran to her crying, "Allah be praised!" And, that night, when the stars shone out in the sky of velvet, the heart of the One from Afar was full of singing for the news Abu had brought from the place where the great sea laps the shore.

Until We Find

(Continued from page 7)

almost exhausted struggling with him, holding him back from the dark and cruel waters. How thankful we were that we had come to the right place!

Can I ever forget what followed? The dear General kneeling with one arm round the unhappy man and with the other holding on to the stone parapet just above, the girl also on her knees on the other side of her father, between him and the River, while I was busied trying in the dim and flickering light from a gas-lamp at the top of the steps to make a surer foothold upon the greasy stones for us all, should the struggle be renewed. The General prayed most wonderfully. Amid the gloom and darkness, with the restless and greedy waters around, and the strange river sounds in our ears, and

though the awful power of the Devil had almost won the battle, he claimed a living Saviour's mercy and grace, and I believe that the poor, desolate, and outcast spirit came there and then into the life and power of Salvation.

I do not think any one but we four knew of that battle—at any rate for many years—that casting out of a devil by the Thames waters—only we four, and the God of Mercy who was with us.

I always feel when I recall this incident it has many lessons, above all the great lesson that we must go after the lost, we must seek them, we must pursue them, we must be ready to face the wilderness and the darkness and the coldness and the loneliness to win them. We must seek them till we find.

Both father and daughter lived and witnessed for God for some time, and then joined the White-robed Host which was being freely reinforced from Whitechapel.

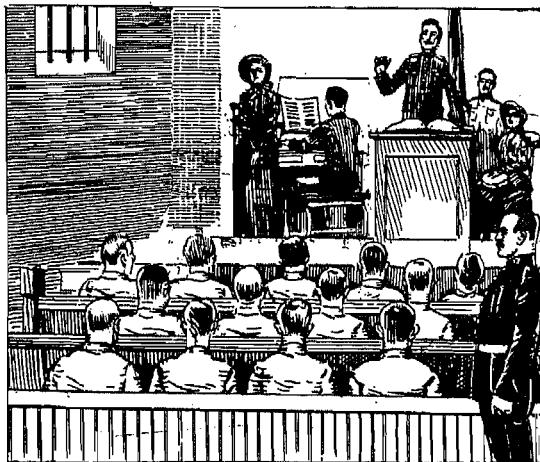
Whom the Saviour Came to Seek

By Mrs. Booth



THE Christmas Festival is with us again. Thousands of little children will enjoy its festivities for the first time, and for thousands of people, both young and old, it will prove their last Christmas on earth.

The decorations, the feastings, the gathering together of relations and friends, all the special association of Christmas time, are very pleasant. They have power still to stir the heart of those who have counted many years go by. How good it is to plan for the joy of others; for the old people to think about the young ones and to be young again in their company; and the young people



Take the Message of Salvation to the Prisoners

to be planning surprises and gifts for their elders; how good for all to share in the joy of giving!

The central figure of Christmas time—the Saviour as a babe lying in a manger—has greater significance than ever before. His coming down from Heaven to earth is a fact we need to impress upon those whom the Saviour came to seek. How wonderful that He came, and that He came after this manner; not as a strong man, not as a king, not as a conqueror, but as a babe. He came thus that He might be near to all of us, to touch our life at every point of our humanity. Everything belonging to our human nature was in His life. The laws that govern our movements governed His also. He was born, He slept and waked, and ran and walked, He laughed and played, and He knew sorrow as well as joy. The disciples looked upon Him as He went up and down with them—they saw Him in His loneliness and watched Him amongst the crowds; they learned to know Him, and then they loved Him and learned of His power to help all men.

He came nearer still to some. How gracious His words, "Ye are My friends." To those who obeyed Him, His all-embracing love became more intimate, until knowledge increased to sympathy; admiration inspired by love grew, and that holy bond became friendship.

Are you celebrating Christmas as one of Jesus' friends? Have you received Him, and has He given you power to become a

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night."

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid."

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

"And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Luke ii. 8-12.

son or a daughter of God? Is He a reality to you; not a myth or a mere historical character, but your Saviour? If He is, then repeat the angels' message to those around you. Let us make an earnest effort to show the people that our Lord has indeed come down to earth, that He is near to them and not afar off.

Let us do what we can to make Him real and near to the little children, whose anticipation and joy at Christmas time can so easily be satisfied with those things which are but emblems. Definitely seek out the children and young people who know all about Father Christmas, but who, alas! know nothing at all about the Christ of Christmas; who have never been helped to see the source of all their happiness and comfort and protection in anything beyond father and mother or those around them.

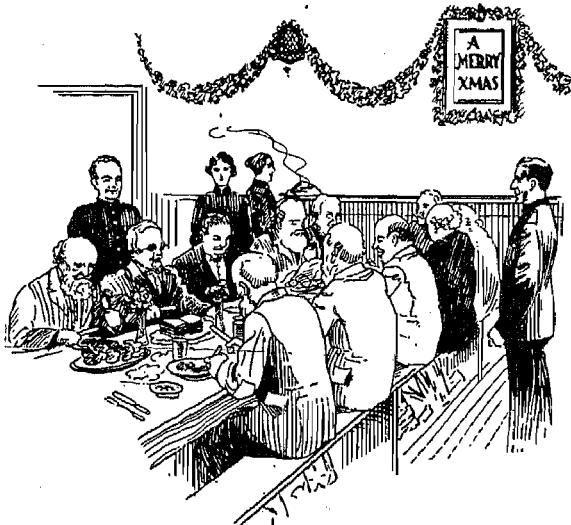
At Christmas time we should not write of sadness and sorrow, and yet I must remind you that today there are more children brought up, by deliberate intention on the part of their parents and guardians, in entire ignorance of the story of Jesus and of His love than for many years past. Poor little children! But for the fact that through the influence of the followers of Jesus they can live happy and protected lives in this land, they might just as well have been born in some remote village of China. Let us take to the children the angels' message: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . unto you is born this day in the



Cheer and Bless the Sick by a Kindly Visit

city of David, a Saviour." Yes, Jesus is the children's Saviour! When they have found Him, children also can become His messengers.

As Salvationists, we must especially seek out at Christmas time those who are away from Him and from friends, in the workhouses and in the prisons. To them we must repeat the angels' song, "Unto you is born this day . . . a Saviour." Some of them have never understood His love and care for them, that He came "to loose the bands of wickedness," "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the



Let us Share our Joy with the Poor

prison to them that are bound." The prisoners are hearing today of so many means of help, of education, of amusement, and of the need for new surroundings, but so often their helpers are helpless to help them because they know nothing themselves of the power of Jesus and of the possibility of a new nature by the miracle of His Grace.

Oh, Salvationists, so far as it is possible, let us share our joy at this time with the most hopeless, the most degraded, the most suffering! The Salvation Army uniform will secure an open door almost everywhere. Let us make the most of this special Festival when people's hearts are the more easily touched. When thoughts of joy and feasting are with them, let us proclaim the lasting joy, let us invite them to a feast of the Bread and Water that brings Life Everlasting.

Let us help the man in the street to hear the angels' song. Mr. Oppenheim wrote: "My religion is the religion of the man in the street, an attitude, I hope, of reverent ignorance . . . of desire as one looks up in vain." Let us help the man in the street to look for the Saviour where He may be found. For He left His throne and came down to the city of David, to the place where sinful men dwell, that in the streets and at their daily work and amidst the sorrows and burdens of life, they might find Him, and through Him know of the Heavenly Father's love and willingness to forgive and to receive all who will come to God through Him.

WAR CRY

At the Cradle of the Christ Child

Some Christmas Thoughts by The Commissioner

OF ALL the facts connected with the birth of the Lord Jesus, the most striking and impressive, those which are narrated in fullest detail and have most affected the imagination of people in all ages, are the visit of the shepherds and the pilgrimage of the wise men to the cradle of the new-born King.

It is a story which never loses its charm, though told repeatedly with each recurrence of the great Christian festival of Christmas.

The wise men from the East were the ambassadors and representatives of the heathen races, just as the shepherds of Bethlehem were the ambassadors and representatives of the Hebrew tribes, and in these two the whole world bent in worship before the Divine Babe whom God has sent as His Christmas gift, to be "the light of the Gentiles and the glory of His people Israel."

Let us look at the old story once more and see if we cannot learn some new lesson for our hearts this Christmas.

One of the first lessons we can learn is that God speaks to men in ways they can understand. These Chaldeans had been star-gazers from childhood; the study of the mighty heavens was their passion. They had watched the stars with a patience and an accuracy such as are never suffered to go unrewarded. And now by the aid of the stars they loved so well, and on which they had meditated with such unwearied devotion, they are brought to the feet of the infant in the manger.

The shepherds were not Chaldeans, they were Jews. They had been trained in the doctrines of the angels. Probably they never went to the pasture of a night without hoping to see some shimmer of angel wings. So it was by the long expected voice of angels that the shepherds received the tidings of the Christ.

But the Chaldeans had not learned the love of angels; it was the love of stars they were familiar with; God spoke to the separate companies in separate voices, but the voices were those that each could understand. Let us never forget that this is always true. His voice is as the sound of many waters. He is a Father, and no father would take His children on His knee and speak to them in a tongue they could not understand.

Furthermore, we see in the story of the Magi a picture of the wisest of the world bending before the Child. This is but a representation of human life. "Heaven lies around us in our infancy." The child looks on this world of God's as something beautiful, wonderful, the creation of a Father's hand. The man is apt to dissect, to lose love and worship in speculation and reasoning until at last, after many a devious wandering, he gains once more the child-like spirit. Then he kneels before the Child, he feels that to adore is greater than to reason, that to love and worship and believe, bring the soul nearer heaven than scientific analysis. Truly it has been said, "The child is nearer God than we."

And this too is one of the deep saying of Christ's "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

It is related that Francis of Assisi was once very much occupied with some important work, and gave orders to his attendants that he must on no account be disturbed. If any one came desiring to see him, that one must be sent away. After giving these strict orders, he paused and said, "But if a child should come—."

That's what our Father in Heaven says. Perhaps, so busy in His universe is He, when men come as philosophers, or theologians and knock at the door, they are not admitted, but if "a child" should come—if any come in the child spirit of loving trust—the door is opened instantly. If a child should come—the Father is never too busy.

Another thing we see in this story is that the

wise men were led by a star, the message of which their science enabled them to interpret, but the shepherds were led by a song which quickened their devoutest hopes and aspirations. May we not learn from this that whatever the distinctions which obtain among mankind elsewhere, we are all one in the service of Christ, and should use our several gifts for each other's good—the shepherd singing his song to the sage, and the sage telling the story of his star to the wandering shepherd.

Is not this one of the great lessons of Christmas? Do we not at this season, even more than at other times, try to show good will to all men? To feel that even the poorest gift and the simplest service are acceptable to God? To feel that though the world be still perturbed by many evils, out of these evils God will yet evolve a greater good, and bring a peace which shall be all the sweeter for the dis cords which have preceded it?

the magi whom the star had drawn from their distant home. All that they had seen and heard corresponded with the historic and prophetic records which they studied and taught.

And yet not a single scribe goes with the magi from Jerusalem to Bethlehem or will so much as walk six miles, with the star to light and the wise men to guide him, in order to verify the fulfillment of a prophecy on which the hopes of the whole nation were based! Herod, as we learn from Matthew's Gospel, had no doubt that the prophecy was fulfilled. He expressly admits that "the Christ is born." He is only troubled to discover the place and the date of the nativity; but it is that he may destroy the Holy Child wherever he finds Him. We could have no more impressive illustration of the truth

that it is not our gifts, opportunities and advantages, but the use of them, on which our welfare depends. On kings and priests of an evil heart all the resources of heaven are lavished in vain, while simple shepherds may learn more from a single song than the scribes from the whole canon of Scripture.

We may all stand round the cradle of Christ. There is room for rich and poor, for sage and shepherd and scribe; but neither our ignorance or our poverty, nor our learning or our wealth will either give us a place or exclude us from it. There is room for all, and the place we take depends simply on the use we make of the teaching and gifts and opportunities vouchsafed us.

A priest and a military officer were passengers on the same ship on a journey from England to Australia. The officer very often used to make fun of the priest's religion and of his faith in God. One afternoon the priest saw the officer standing on the spar-deck continually looking up to the skies through a telescope. The priest, who wondered what he was doing, went to him, and asked what he was seeking.

"Oh," answered the officer superciliously, "I am looking for the God you so often speak about, but it is absolutely impossible for me to find Him."

"Quite so," said the priest quietly. "You won't be able to find Him; for as it is said in the Bible it is those alone who are pure in heart who shall see God."

Without answering a word the officer went down to his cabin. He had got something to think about.

Even round the cradle of the Holy Child signs of splendor and majesty mingled with the signs of poverty and lowliness. If His parents were poor,

they were of royal blood. If He was "the seed of the woman," He was also "the Son of God." His birthplace, though a little village, was "great among the thousands of Judah," in virtue of noble historic memories and ancient predictions. His cradle was a manger, but wise men worshipped before it and poured royal gifts into the Virgin's lap. His advent was announced to simple shepherds; but it was announced by "a multitude of the heavenly host." Over the poor stable in which He lay there shone the star of a King.

And as in His person and the circumstances of His birth, so also in His service there is room for all the extremes of human condition, for rich and poor, learned and unlearned, bound and free; nay to His eye all these varieties of outward condition are nothing, and the faithful seeking heart is all.

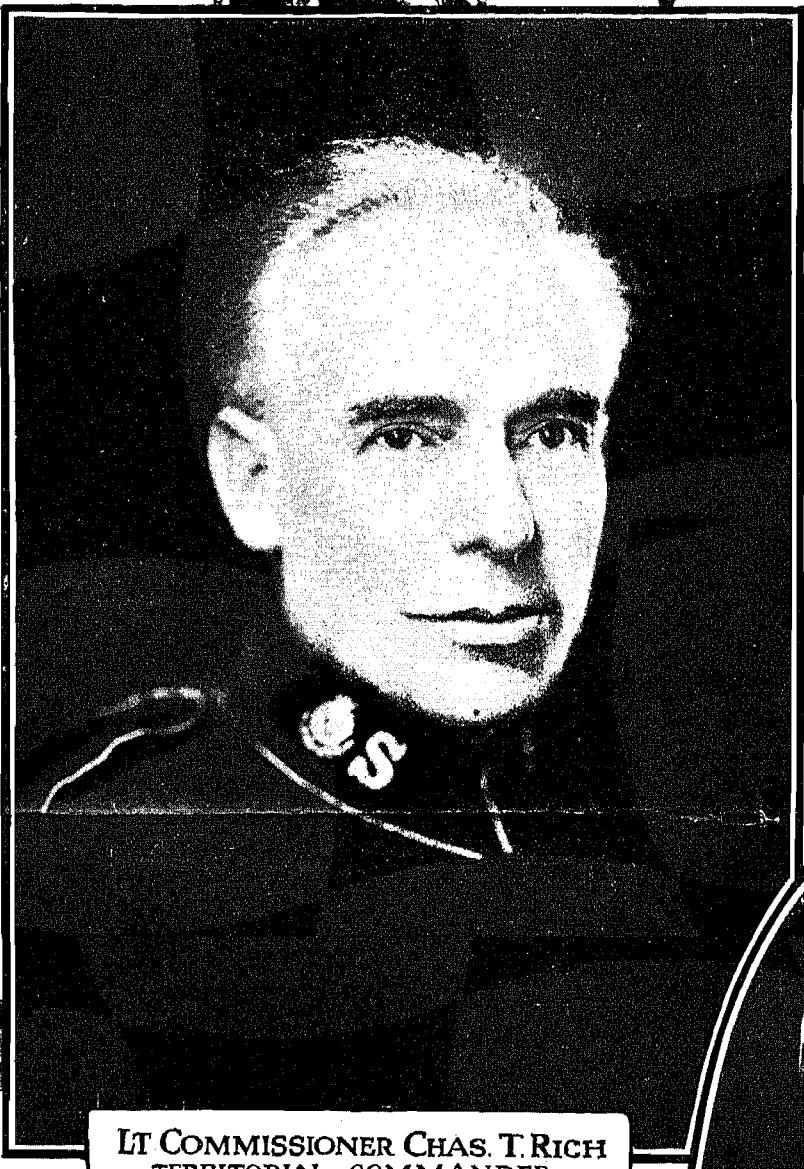
Cannot we learn further from this wondrous story to "beware of the leaven of the Scribes and Pharisees," to watch that we do not stiffen into a narrow and formal habit of mind. If we detect in ourselves a tendency to think that we know all we need to know, or a shrinking from fresh light and revelation when it breaks upon us because we hate the trouble of investigation and adjusting our thoughts afresh—let us beware. It is the very

(Continued on page 20)



The Magi and the Shepherds adore the new-born King

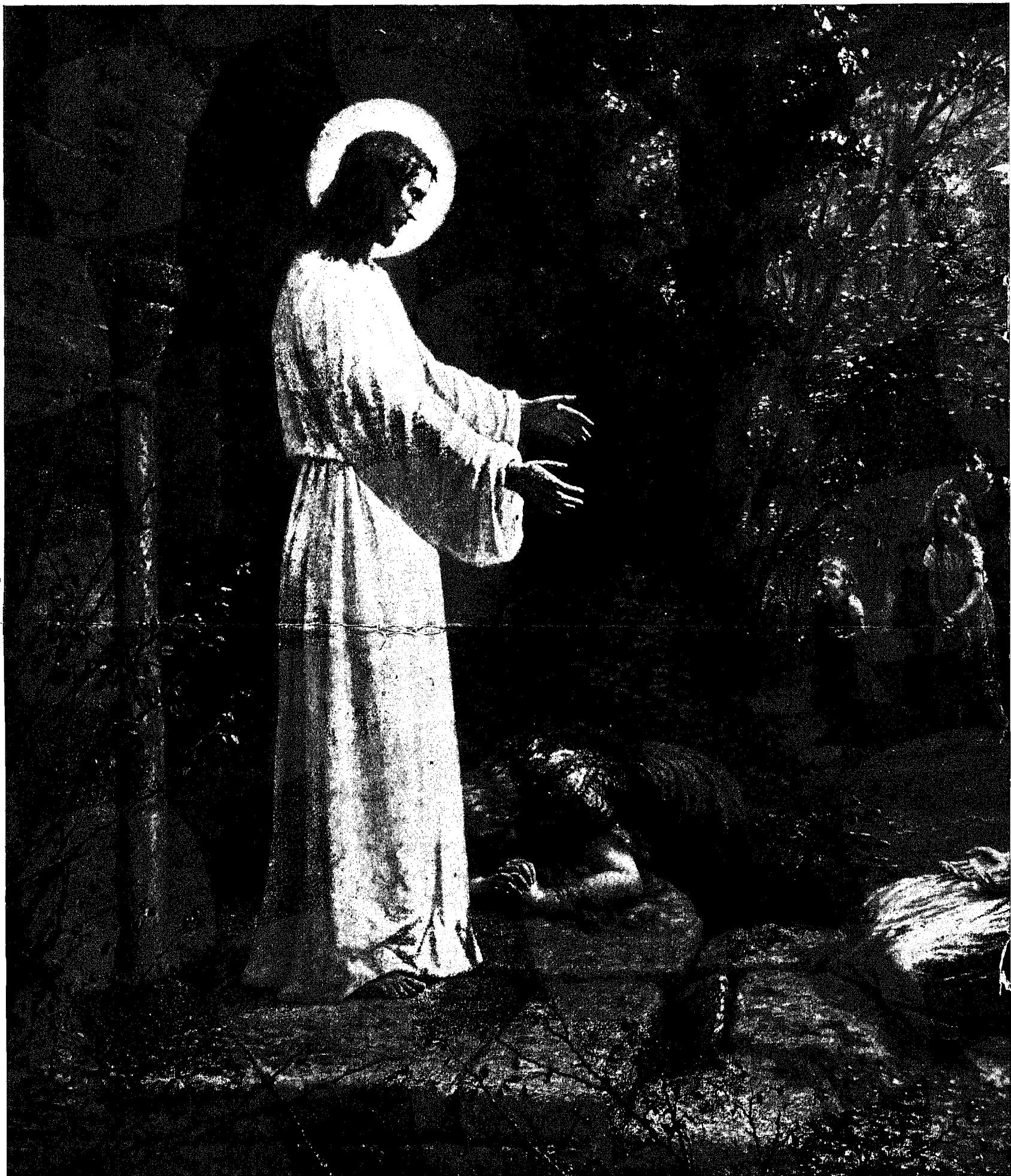
Our Territorial Leaders — God Bless Them!



LT. COMMISSIONER CHAS. T. RICH
TERRITORIAL COMMANDER
CANADA WEST



MRS LT. COMMISSIONER RICH



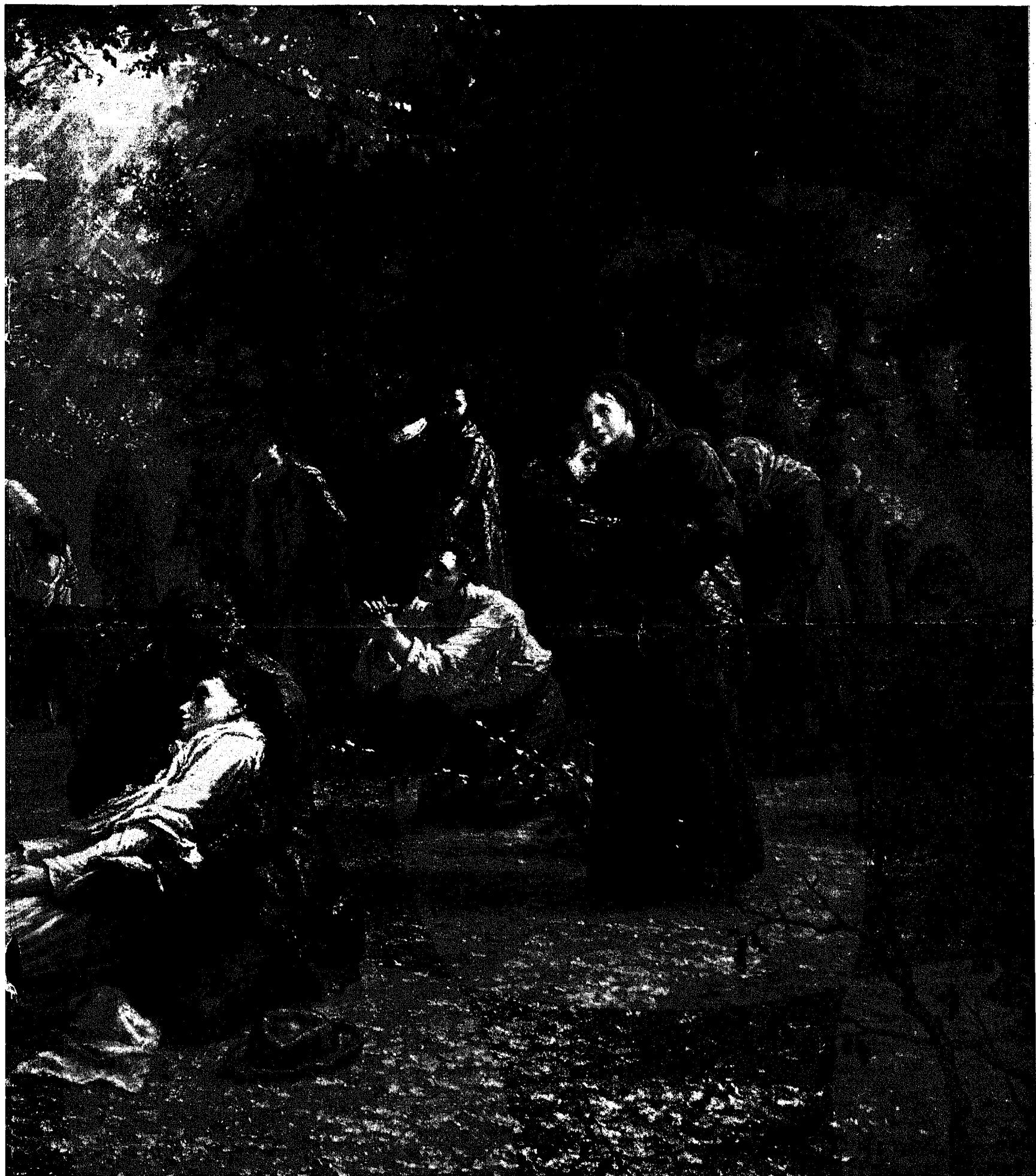
The Eternal Message of the World's Rede

*"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke up
For My yoke is easy and My l*



The Eternal Message of the World's Redeemer to Sin and Sorrow Stricken Humanity

"I will ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye For My yoke is easy and My burden is light."—Matthew xi. 28-30



Redemer to Sin and Sorrow Stricken Humanity

"Upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For your burden is light."—Matthew xi. 28-30



*Colonel Miller, Chief
Secretary for Canada
West, and Mrs Miller*



JEL

All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

By COLONEL GIDEON MILLER

WE HAIL with delight the Christmas Season as the Anniversary of our Saviour's birth. Our eyes turn to that crude stable and the lowly manger, and to Mary, the honored Mother of Jesus. There are many reasons why we should look backward to such an historical event, but the chief reason is, and should be, that a Saviour was born in Bethlehem, the World's Redeemer, the Divine Son of the Royal Branch, fulfilling the prophecy of Isaiah: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the Government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."

For Unto us a Child is Born. There is always much intense interest shown in the birth of every child. There is such great importance attached to the ushering in of a new life, possessing infinite possibilities for good, and destined, if spared, to leave some mark upon the world in which it lives. The coming into the home of an innocent child, be it girl or boy, creates great joy, and great hopes are centred upon the new-born baby. Of course, in the Eastern countries the birth of a male child is always more welcomed than that of a female.

Unto us a Son is Given. The birth of Jesus must have aroused some interest from this standpoint. It is not uncommon for great and good parents of historic families to offer up prayer for the birth of a son who would bear the family title and carry forward their fame and name. Some wonderful changes have been made in the circumstances of some people by the arrival of a baby boy. Nations have gone wild with joyful excitement at times because of the announcement of the birth of a baby boy of the Royal Line, the hope of some political advancement or good government.

No wonder the heavenly host broke forth into song on that first Christmas morning when unto us a Son was given. They understood the advantages of such an advent, and in their new song described what the coming of Jesus would mean: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

To be born in poverty and lowly circumstances may have some disadvantages. However, we have on record many who have been thus born but have struggled on for existence and success, shaping their own pathway to goodness and greatness. Some seem to be destined from birth to fill an important place in life, and by the good blessing of God have become great pillars in the Church and State.

We never know the future of a child. Mrs. Lincoln had no idea when she nursed her baby boy in a log cabin in Kentucky, that he would become the President of the U.S.A. and the emancipator of the slaves of

America. I doubt if there were many great announcements in Nottingham in 1829 when a baby boy was born. As Mrs. Booth nursed her child, while she had a great ambition for her son's future, she had no real vision of the great importance of his life, that he would become one of the world's greatest soul-winners and be the Founder of the world-wide Salvation Army.

And so with the child Jesus, there may not have been much importance attached to his birth by some, but tongue fails to tell, and the pen of a ready writer cannot describe the wonders wrought and the great good that has come to the world by the coming of the Son of God. Jesus said, "I am come that they (the people) might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The people in Jesus' time had little real life; it was a world of slavery, cruelty and lust; a few ruled; the Kings and Emperors lorded it

greatness lay in the Bible, and we well know that Christ is its grand subject.

"Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest."

His Name Shall be Called Wonderful. Ten thousand times ten thousand has He been called wonderful by those who know, love and serve Him in all parts of the world. From blood-washed hearts again and again that song has gone forth with no uncertain sound:

"A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
Saving the soul,
Making it whole;
A wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
I know He is mighty to save."

Counsellor. When bewildered and baffled by the tempter we can go boldly to the throne of grace and receive the counsel and advice we so much need. The trouble is we do not seek His counsel as often as we should. He has promised, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with Mine eye."

The Mighty God. There is nothing too hard for Him. He can do for man what man cannot do for himself. The power of sin is very great; men become slaves to their passions, bound to their evil ways, enslaved like the prisoner in his fetters. But He, the mighty God, can break every fetter and can keep those who trust in Him, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation or distress or persecution, or famine or nakedness or peril or the sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

The Everlasting Father. "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear Him." He is ever watching and caring for the best interests of His children. We have an advocate with the Father. He will be a father to the fatherless. What consolation it brings to know that He, the King of kings, is our Father, ever protecting and loving us with an everlasting love.

The Prince of Peace. We have many great and good people who strive for peace, like the League of Nations working and scheming to settle trouble among the different countries and people of the world, but Jesus is the very embodiment of peace. He stands high above all others, the Prince of Peace. Well may we take up the refrain of the first Christmas Carol: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

CHRISTMAS-TIME was coming. In the Smith's home, preparations for the festive season started in October when the puddings and cakes were made. The mother never thought the flavor was right unless they had stood a couple of months, therefore, sometime in October everybody was invited to have a stir at the pudding, and it seemed that the savory odor clung around the house, filling it with a Christmas spirit from then until the eventful day.

Never did the Smiths sit down to a Christmas dinner without inviting some stranger in the city to share with them their Christmas meal. At supper time one evening this subject was being discussed, as to who this lonely person should be and where he should come from. It was now but a week from the day and somehow this year no one seemed lonely, or at least the Smiths had not come across such a one. "Well," said mother, "we must find someone. Surely somewhere in this city there is one. Do you not know anyone at the Church, Mary, who would be glad to come?"

"No mother, I do not know any lone-some person," replied Mary.

"Well, I do," chimed in Dot, the six-year-old pet of the family.

"And who do you know?" was the curious question of the united family.

"Well, Dolly and Nellie. They will be lonesome all right, for their daddy doesn't believe in Christmas. He doesn't believe it is Jesus' Birthday, and he doesn't even believe in Santa Claus." This last, to Dot's young mind, was even a greater crime than the first offence.

"Oh," was the response, "those kids! I guess mother will have enough youngsters around this house at Christmas, without fetching more."

"Oh well," was the reply, "don't talk any more to me about lonely peoples,"

Brightest and Best

*Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.*

*Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!*

over the slaves and workers, and millions of women and children never knew the meaning of home, kindness, love, education. The world was full of selfishness; they believed there was only one world, and lived to get all they could out of it at the expense of others.

Into this world Jesus was born, and when He looked about and saw the misery and cruelty His heart burned within Him and He said: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." When we look about and see the comforts, the good homes and provision made for those in need, let us not forget the Founder of Christianity who, through His life and death, brought the world into this state of life and happiness.

The Government Shall be Upon His Shoulders. Where Christ reigns there is peace and prosperity, for righteousness exalteth a nation. The greatest ruler of modern times said that the secret of our Empire's

In-As-Much! A Charming Christmas Story :: By L.N.S.

and with all the dignity of her six years, Dot left the table.

"Never mind, Dot dear, Mother will see that Santa Claus does not forget Dolly and Nellie. I think when the day comes their daddy will see that they have a good time," said mother, but Dot did not reply, and the subject was closed.

Next morning Mrs. Smith was busy about her household duties, and somehow or other the conversation of the night before and Dot's disappointment would continually keep coming to her mind. "Poor kiddies," she mused, "I wonder what happened to their mother." Mrs. Smith had, during the past summer, acted in an obscure manner as mother to the little children in question, several times. Whether it was noticed by the father or not she never knew. No doubt some great sorrow had befallen him to make him so unapproachable and fearing that he might think her efforts had been prompted by inquisitiveness in his affairs, she always tried to do these acts of kindness unobserved. Just as all these thoughts were passing through her mind the children went by on the way home from school, calling "Hello" to her. On the impulse of the moment she invited them to supper that evening, thinking that Dot would be pleased.

Running to ask their father they came back, gladly accepting the invitation. But that evening was not as others had been. Dot did not seem a little bit herself. Drawing her aside, mother asked her why she could not be the happy little girl with her friends which she always

was at home. With tears coming into her eyes she said, "How can I mother, when they are not going to have a happy Christmas?"

"I think they will dear," said her mother.

"But mother, you don't understand. Their daddy won't even let them hang their stockings up or talk about Christmas, and when they lived with their mother they had lots of fun at Christmas." Seeing the real distress of the child Mrs. Smith changed the subject but even yet she could not see how these two children should be her lonely guests this Christmas-time. Why was it her responsibility when they had a father who could well give them a happy time? "But," said the still, small voice, "as ye have done it unto one of these the least, so ye have done it unto Me." Mrs. Smith believed it was her Father's will that these two should be her guests, so to Dot's untold delight, before they left that evening, she had told the children she would ask their father if they could spend their Christmas with Dot. Much joy and anticipation was shown by the three small persons.

Early next morning she called to get the father's consent, which he curiously gave. She also invited him, but he answered that he had no use for Christmas or anything religious. However, Mrs. Smith was glad he let the children come and so was satisfied.

What a wonderful day they had when they did come! The evening before they had slept in Dot's bed, and together

hung up their stockings. In the early dawn they were up, and awakened the rest of the household with their screams of joy and fun. Then, when dinner-time came, with the big turkey cooked to perfection, and the plum-pudding, Mrs. Smith remembered the lonely man across the way, and, cutting off a generous helping, she sent him over some dinner. She thought that even if it were not very graciously received, the Christ of Christmas would know she had done her part, and she could leave the rest to Him.

Finally the long, beautiful day came to an end, and two very tired, sleepy little girls were carried home to their daddy.

"Thank you very much for giving my children such a nice day," said the father, which rather surprised Mrs. Smith.

"We were very glad to have them, and it has been one of the very happiest times I have ever had," said Mrs. Smith truthfully.

Walking home, pondering over it all, she realized she had been content to do the work for Christ that had been near at hand, and the results that followed astonished her.

Once again it is Christmas-time, and once again Mrs. Smith is looking for a lonely person. There is no need this year to have Dolly and Nellie, for great changes have taken place in that little home. Early in the spring Nellie and Dot had rushed into Mrs. Smith's house with the glad news that Mama and baby-brother were coming. This was rather a surprise to Mrs. Smith, but however she entered into their joy, and by this time their daddy had broken down the barrier of reserve, and consulted with Mrs. Smith about the comforts necessary for his wife's reception. She (Continued on page 16)



Alice and her Mother The Story of a Dutiful Daughter

BY MAJOR S.A.CHURCH

chief to her white-haired old mother, whose eyes she knew were dim with tears.

Mrs. Locke returned to her son's house with an aching heart. She had been very happy living alone with her youngest daughter, but things were very different at Tom's place. Here she was expected to do the household drudgery and to look after the children.

These duties she would have willingly undertaken had her daughter-in-law been amiable with her, but things were sadly otherwise. The poor old lady was made to feel that she was only in the way and that she was an added burden and expense out of all proportion to her usefulness.

She endured this situation for several years, however, and then things became so intolerable that she was forced to ask her son to give her a little money each week and let her live elsewhere. She obtained lodgings at a neighbour's house and thus lived for several more years,

home and up till just recently I have thought things were going all right. My brother has not written to me for a year or more now, however, and I am getting anxious about mother. He never did say much about her in his letters and I am afraid he is neglecting her. Could you find out for me what circumstances she is in?"

Dreams Come True

The lady was none other than Alice. She had found Canada all and more than she had expected. For a year or more she had worked in a factory, earning good money. Then she had obtained a position in a store, as a consequence of which she formed acquaintances which eventually led to her marrying a rising young business man. So all her dreams had come true.

The Enquiry Department at once got busy and now we must transfer the scene to England once again.

The Grand Chance

"And you know I'm sorry to leave you, mother," said Alice, "but I think it will be all for the best. Tom is getting on very well now and is quite able to look after you, so I feel quite sure that you will be all right. And you know, mother, how I hate the mill and have tried to get other work many a time, but there seems nothing else for me to do in these parts. I feel that I simply can't miss the grand chance that has come to me to go out to Tressie in Canada. She says I can easily get a good position, and perhaps before long I shall marry well. So there you are you see—won't that be fine? Wouldn't you jump at the chance mother if you were in my place?"

"Eh dear, eh dear," sighed the mother, "thee girls are gettin' such notions in thee heads these days. Why thee can't settle down and be content in thy home town I can't understand. Thee surely don't need to go galivanting across seas to find a good husband. There's many a young man around here would be main glad to get thee."

Land of Promise

"No doubt they would, mother, but I don't want any one of them," said Alice with a toss of her head. "Canada has become the land of promise to me and seems to beckon me onward to its shores."

The above conversation is a sample of many that mother and daughter had had since the idea entered Alice's head to cross the ocean. Her cousin had gone out with a party of emigrants some three years previously, and the glowing accounts she gave of the new land fired Alice's imagination until she was filled with an ardent longing to follow her cousin's example. Mr. Locke, her father, had died when Alice was a girl of sixteen and she had had to work hard in the mill ever since to help her mother keep the home together. There were elder children in the family, it is true, but they were all married and were having a desperate struggle to keep the wolf from their own doors. Tom was the eldest son and just lately he had secured a much better position, and had offered to take his old mother into his own home. If it had not been for this unexpected turn of good fortune Alice would not have thought of leaving her mother, for she was a dutiful daughter and had always manifested a readiness to sacrifice her own desires in order to minister to her mother's comfort and happiness.

Tender Farewell

She felt now, however, that she could safely leave her mother in Tom's good care, and seek a career for herself in the new country.

Thus it came about that one day there was a very tender farewell on the Liverpool docks and Alice embarked on an emigrant ship bound for Montreal. As the ship swung out into the Mersey, Alice stood on the deck waving her handker-

chers over there," she said, "to get my mother a good comfortable lodging. If she could be with some of your own people I should be so pleased. I will pay all the expenses incurred. Moreover, I would like the Army to administer a fund for my mother's maintenance as long as she lives, and when she passes away to see that she is properly buried."

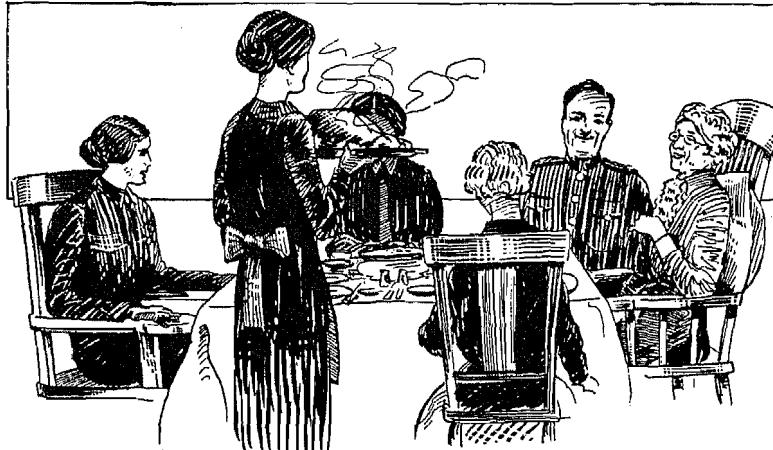
Acting in accordance with these instructions the Army Officers soon placed Mrs. Locke in very different surroundings, and saw to it that she had everything she needed to make her declining days happy and comfortable.

Just before Christmas, Alice wrote to them, asking them to be sure and get her mother the finest Christmas dinner they could provide and to convey her love and greetings to her.

Fine Christmas Dinner

Picture the happy scene in that English Salvationist's home that Christmas. The old lady, over eighty years of age with whitened hair, sitting in the place of honor at the head of a well spread table, enjoying with the Slum Officers and the members of the family with which she lived, that fine Christmas dinner.

To be instrumental in caring for the aged, and relieving the anxieties of relatives, is part of the many-sided ministry of love of Salvationists. As another Christmas dawns it finds the Army "carrying on," doing its best to bring about "peace on earth, good-will towards men."



The old lady, over eighty years of age, sitting in the place of honor.

subsisting on the barest necessities, for her son acted very meanly towards her and sometimes failed altogether to send her the pittance he had agreed on.

And all this time the poor old lady did not know that Alice was sending money to Tom expressly for her. Being unable to write she could not correspond with her daughter and had to be content with what her son told her on the rare occasions that they met.

So things went from bad to worse, for Tom took to drink, lost his position and then moved away to another city, leaving his aged mother to shift for herself as best she could.

Into the Salvation Army Enquiry Department in a Canadian city there came a well dressed lady one day.

"I want you to find my mother," she said to the Officer. "When I left England I put her in the care of my brother who promised me faithfully that he would look after her. Every month since arriving in Canada I have sent money

In the slummiest part of a big Lancashire city two women Officers of the Salvation Army went on a quest one day. They were in search of an aged lady named Mrs. Locke, and the slight clue they had led them to a garret in a dismal tenement house. Here, lying on a bed of straw, sick and terribly neglected, they found the poor old lady they were seeking.

As ever with the Salvationist the need was the call to service. Whilst one Slum Sister attended to the old lady the other cleared up the room and obtained materials for a fire, which was soon cheerfully blazing in the grate. Food and medicine were obtained, also a bed and some clean clothes, and things began to look much brighter for the poor old soul.

Grieved and Indignant

A full report was then sent to Canada and in due course the daughter learnt all the particulars. Needless to say she was deeply grieved and also very indignant at the meanness of her brother.

"Please tell the Salvation Army Offi-

In-As-Much!

(Continued from page 15)

arrived, and all that summer it had been a very happy family over the way. Now it was Christmas Eve and Mrs. Smith was going to take a few tokens of Christmas over there. When she arrived she found the mother sitting by the decorated tree, nursing the baby and tears streaming down her face.

"Why the tears?" exclaimed Mrs. Smith. "Are you lonely for the Old Country?"

"No, indeed, I'm not. I were just a-crying for joy missis, and thinking it were all through you that I am here, and so happy."

"Me! What had I to do with it? I was not even sure the children had a mother. I thought their mother was dead."

"Eh, poor lambs, I often think it would be better for them if it were so," and then the poor, pent-up woman unfolded such a tale of sin and shame that filled Mrs. Smith's heart with sorrow.

"And," concluded the woman, "it was all through you being so good to the children that my husband forgave me last Christmas. He wrote and told me how you had washed and mended their clothes and then when he was not going to give them a Christmas, you had them at your house. My heart is near breaking with joy missis, and my husband has forgiven me, and is forgetting. Never once this summer has he brought it against me."

"And what about the Saviour Whose birthday we are celebrating tomorrow? Have you asked His forgiveness?"

"Well, I don't know much about religion, but Tim, he says to copy you, and I will be all right."

"No, my dear, you must not copy me," and in loving terms Mrs. Smith told the same old sweet story of Jesus' Birth and of his Death for sinners' redemption. In that little room a soul was born into the new life which is in Christ Jesus. It was with a very hallowed feeling that under the starlit sky Mrs. Smith went home. Passing a group of carol-singers, she could almost hear the angel band join in the chorus, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, good-will and peace." It is the song the angels sang, and the song which will never cease.

HE MADE JIM GLAD

A man who was sad and melancholy heard two boys laughing. He asked them, "What makes you so happy?"

"Happy?" said the elder of the two, "Why, I makes Jim glad and gets glad myself."

That is the true secret of a happy life; to live so that by our Christian example, our kind words and loving deeds we may make glad some one else.

Bethlehem's Song

From cradle to grave, and that wonderful life
Was but barely a half of the years
Allotted to man, for the stress and strife
To be borne, ere the triumph appears;
Yet eternities fail
To tell the great tale!

Over Bethlehem's couch the dark shadow
was flung
From the Cross raised on Calvary's
brow,
And the pathway between was painfully
hung
With garlands of thorns for Him now:
But He regally wore
What His foes had in store!

Be our lives brief as Thine, spent in
service of pain,
Poor in birth, sad in death, and alone,
May they blossom in love, be it cherished
or slain,
Till fruition for weakness acomet!
O Bethlehem's Song,
To Thee we belong!

CORDOVA, ALASKA

*The Furthest North Corps of
The Salvation Army on this Continent*
By CAPTAIN CHALK

I FANCY I hear some reader of the "War Cry" say: "Cordova, why, where is that place? I have never heard of it." Well, we will try to describe just the location and wondrous beauty of Cordova.

Leave the South, if you will, in the full glory of a Puget Sound summer morning, Seattle on her circling hills smiles farewell, and bon voyage, and then the steamer turns north with throbbing engines, like the pulses of eager seekers for fortune, who rushed to Alaska in mobs, during the gold excitement of 1897. By evening the green shores of Vancouver Island face the hills of the mainland across the waterway between. The salt air is fresh, and the tired nerves begin to relax. The "Inside Passage," as it is

still have a long journey ahead of us before we reach Cordova.

From Juneau we steam into the gulf of Alaska, through Icy Strait, in view of Muir Glacier. All around are lofty, snow-clad mountains. In strange contrast can be found, in the foreground, highly-colored wild flowers growing among the unfriendly bergs. Out from this ice-studded wonder of the world's waters, on between the towering heights that line Cross Sound the vessel steams into the Pacific and turns north-westward, for a run across the great gulf of Alaska to Prince William Sound.

The ship plows on through waters of everchanging hue, past heights that are forever white. Within a few hours you will discern, nestling amongst the foot-

work for the summer months in these canneries. During the year 1923, no fewer than 147,392 cases of salmon were exported and 44,000 cases of clams.

There is also good fishing on the inland lakes, of which there are thousands in Alaska. Fish are found in all those that have an outlet whereby fish may get into them, trout being the chief game fish.

Alaska will some day be famous for its numerous oil fields which are being rapidly developed, but so far the only producing oil-wells in Alaska are located near Cordova.

Cordova is the gateway to the richest mineralized section of Alaska. It is the premier copper port of the world. During the year 1923, the vast amount of 135,630,000 pounds of copper ore, averag-

of twelve teachers, and an enrolment of two hundred pupils.

The beauty of Cordova can seldom be excelled in any other part of Alaska. Here, nature, in all her glory, is revealed to one entering the harbor. Towering snow-wrapped mountains, bedecked with the glory of the rising sun, form the background of the town. The water is blue as the sky above it, with the fleecy clouds reflected in its depths. Nasturtiums, Alaska's favorite flower, grow here in abundance. One mile from the town is situated beautiful Eyak Lake, five miles long, which empties itself into the Copper River.

Trails Help Development

The numerous trails now built and under construction in the vicinity of Cordova by the Federal Forest Service gives the visitor to Cordova the choice of a number of delightful trips. They open up areas of tremendous scenic appeal.

Most of these government built trails were constructed principally as an aid in developing the country. Nevertheless, local forestry officials are keenly alive to the recreational possibilities of the Chugach National Forest, the headquarters of which are at Cordova, and this phase of their work has not been neglected.

As tourist travel increases, and the demand for roads and trails becomes more pressing, forestry officials are planning an extensive road and trail program designed to accelerate prospecting, mining, and other industrial development, as well as to open up the more striking scenic features of this section.

During the longest days of the summer one does not experience darkness, only a misty twilight. The sunsets are gorgeous. With the last departing rays of the sun tinting the white peaks with delicate hues the sun sinks beneath the outline of the mountains in the west.

During the winter months the Aurora Borealis is frequently seen. These lights are very vivid, and sometimes appear to be brightly colored.

The thermometer in Cordova has rarely ever been known to reach as low as zero, but in the spring and fall heavy rains are experienced, sometimes causing serious damage to the railroad and private dwellings.

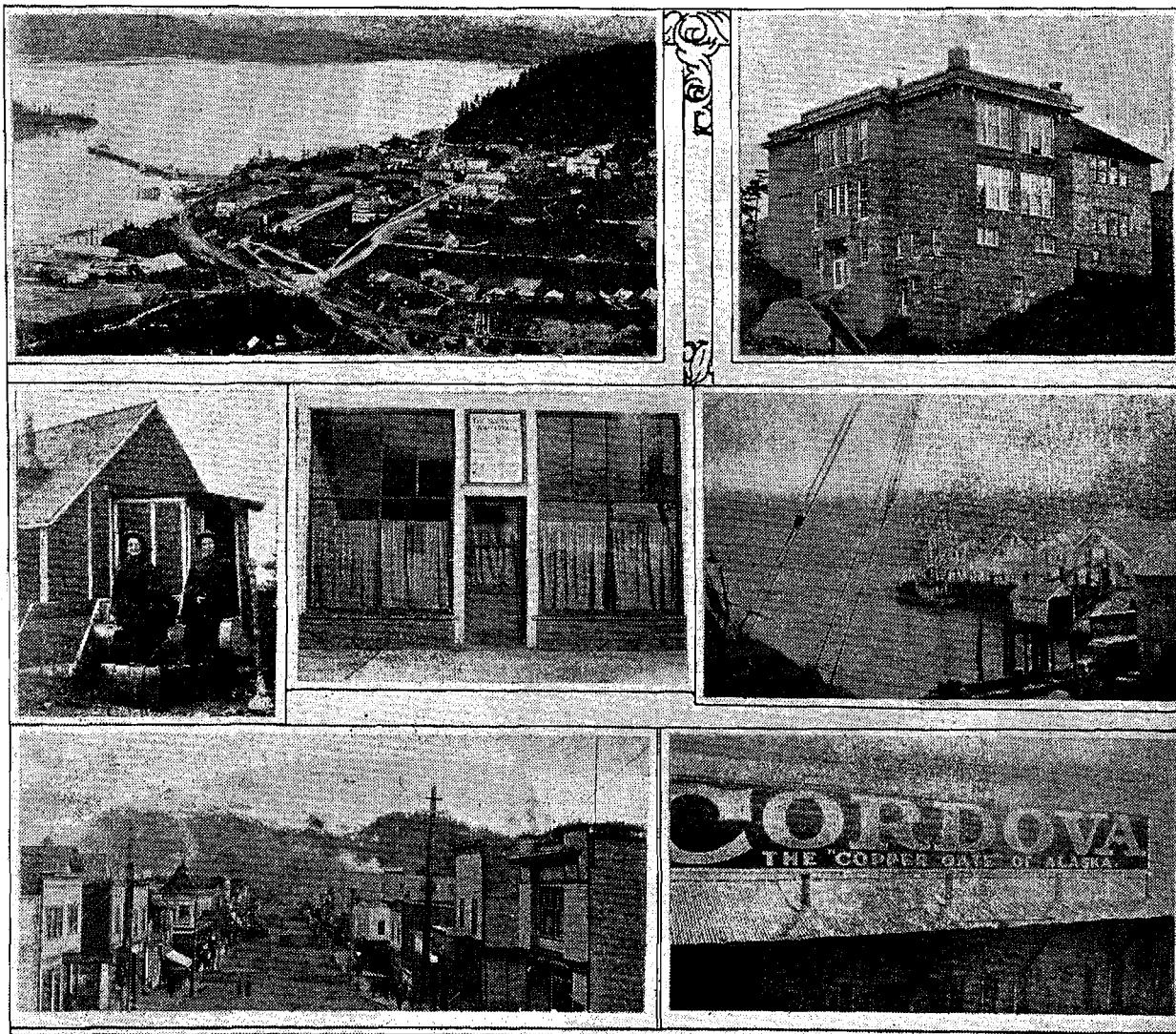
The Army Opens Fire

The Salvation Army only opened in Cordova during the present year, but already plenty of work has been found to keep the Officers busy. The opening services were held on Sunday, August 14, Adjutant William Kerr being present to put on a drive and help with the opening Meetings. A very comfortable hall has been secured, it being previously used as a sample room. Meetings were held in the morning and at night, these being very well attended, considering the many other events taking place that day. Adjutant Kerr outlined and explained the beliefs of the Army and also its method of working, because most of the residents of Cordova have never been in contact with the Army before. Interest has been steadily growing, and crowds are becoming larger. People are interested in the Army work and we hope to report in the near future that many have been brought from darkness into light through its instrumentality. We cannot boast of even one Soldier so far, nor one Recruit, but trust that before long we shall be able to report souls seeking our pardoning God.

Open-Airs are held frequently when weather permits, generally in front of the one large pool hall, with many eager listeners standing around, and even if there are only two Army lassies to tell out the grand old story, the seed is sown and God's promises are still the same, "His word shall not return unto Him void."

The Hospital and Federal Jail are visited quite frequently, and Meetings held with the inmates when possible.

The Company Meeting is also gaining ground, and going strong, the children enjoy the Army choruses, and listen attentively to the lesson, and each one tries to bring a new attendant the following Sunday.



SOME INTERESTING PICTURES FROM CORDOVA

1. A general view of the town.
2. The fine new school building.
3. Captain Chalk and Lieut. Stahl at the door of the Officers' Quarters, the only vacant cabin that could be found in the town.
4. The Salvation Army Hall.
5. A salmon cannery.
6. Main Street of the town, with snow-capped mountains in background.
7. The huge sign at the dock.

called, winds through the protected hills of the mighty mountains the picturesque town of Cordova. We sail into the beautiful harbor, the gang-plank is lowered, and you are in Cordova, the Copper-gate of Alaska, 1,236 miles from Seattle.

The country along these shores is storied territory, visited by the early navigators of the Pacific. The boundary of Alaska begins at Dixon Entrance at fifty-four degrees, forty minutes north latitude. Ketchikan is the first port of call in Alaska, and then the steamer proceeds to Wrangell. This is the Divisional Headquarters for Alaska. Leaving Wrangell, the steamer enters Wrangell Narrows, where the banks are so close that a stone could be thrown ashore. The water whirls and eddies, and clouds drift past in the blue. Petersburg is past and still the boat proceeds northward.

Juneau, the capital of Alaska, is the next port of call. It is a pretty town at the foot of a towering mountain, but we

ing fifty per cent copper, were sent from this port. Future developments of mineral resources, such as copper, gold, silver and galena, promise much from the developments already attained in the interior, all of which must pass through this port, Cordova being the ocean terminus of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway.

Fifty miles up the Copper River railway from Cordova are two of the earth's icy marvels, Child's and Miles Glaciers, three hundred feet in height and three miles long. From a point back in the mountains, seventy-five miles away, its body winds along slope and chasm, till eventually riven, tons of ice crash down to the water to spot it with ice floes.

The Cordova School compares favorably with those of the larger towns of the States. A new addition, costing \$50,000 has just been added. The building is steam-heated, electrically lighted, with water and sewer systems. It has a staff

GIFTS to the WORLD'S REDEEMER

CAPTAIN FLORENCE TUCKER,
Assiniboia, Man.

MY PARENTS were both Salvationists and always tried to influence me for good, but I used to think their ideas of religion were old-fashioned, and very often rebelled against them.

My greatest ambition was to be a teacher and all through school I worked with that end in view. But God had other plans for my life. The doctor ordered me to leave school and told me that under no conditions was I to return to school or take up any kind of study. Oh, the bitter disappointment it was to me! I thought I would never find any occupation that would fill my desires.

My parents, and different Comrades at the Corps, often spoke to me about my soul, but I was too much taken up with the pleasures of the world to bother very much about religion. I got a lot of pleasure out of worldly things, but I never seemed to be satisfied.

Six years ago I attended Y.P. Councils, where I gave my heart to God. Oh, the joy that came into my life! How eagerly I took my stand as a Soldier, and how proud I was to put on the uniform.

The thought of Officership never entered my head until I read a book called, "If any man sin," dealing with the work of the Missionaries among the Indians in Alaska. This aroused within my heart a desire to take up some kind of work, where I could toil for others. The idea of becoming a nurse seemed to take up my thoughts for a long while, and then, one morning while at work, I felt the Call of Officership. Finally after a good deal of prayer I yielded and today I feel that I am in the Will of God.



CAPT. F. TUCKER

MRS. CAPTAIN MIDDLETON,
Edmonton D.H.Q.

IF EARLY influences and surroundings determine one's life-work then surely I could never have been anything other than a Salvationist. I was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, in the old "Shelter" for destitute men, during the Christmas rush of hot dinners and general relief work. According to my mother's account, my first visitors and friends were the poor old retired failures who made their home in the Shelter, and were greatly interested in the Ensign's family.

One of my earliest recollections is of my mother telling my brother and me simple Bible stories, and applying them to our own childish joys and sorrows. I was definitely converted when still only a child, but was not taken to many Meetings nor allowed away from home till I was through school. Then I became a Corps Cadet, Songster and Company Guard, and took part in the work of the Corps to which I was attached.

In connection with my High School work I had taken a course of stenography, and the week after leaving school I went to Headquarters and was employed there for three years.

From my childhood days I had looked forward to being an Army Officer, and in order to further fit myself for the work, I made application and was accepted as a nurse in Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. After spending fifteen months there I entered the Training Garrison.



MRS. CAPT. MIDDLETON

CAPTAIN CLADYS JOHNSON,
Melfort, Sask.

WHILE a Corps Cadet I received my call for Officership. I shall never forget the night. It may have been a dream or a vision, but this I do know that it was very real and that God spoke distinctly to me. With one or two Officers I was standing in an alleyway, posting up large placards advertising the Blood of Jesus to save. Many people passed, stopping but to scoff and mock; however we kept on, for we had faith in the remedy for sin. Then the Lord plainly spoke, and told me this was the work to which He was calling me—to advertise the Blood. After this, when tempted to be discouraged, my Call has risen up before me, and in it I find strength.

CAPTAIN V. EBY,
Biggar, Sask.

IT WAS in a Revival Meeting which was being held in one of the churches of my home-town, where I



CAPT. GLADYS JOHNSON

heard the voice of God calling me to leave my sin and follow Him. I was a girl of eleven years of age and it was mainly through my mother's prayers and efforts that I gave my heart to God that night. Shortly after this the Salvation Army opened Fire in town. I started attending the Meetings, feeling the Army was my place to work. I became enrolled under Captain Fisher (now Mrs. Ensign Littler, China).

Quite young in my 'teens, I distinctly heard God calling me to Officership in the Army. On being accepted I entered the Training Garrison from Camrose in 1921, being one of the "Dauntless Session."

My first appointment from the Training Garrison was to Stettler, Alta., from there to Vermilion. After a short stay there I was transferred to the Calgary Children's Home. Here I had many and various useful experiences. Being sent back to the Field again, I went to Penticton, B.C., then to Chilliwack, being there when the new Hall was built and opened. From there I was sent to Trail and am now at Biggar.

CAPTAIN JOHNSRUD,
Rainy River, Ont.

I WAS born in the city of Oslo in Norway, but while yet an infant, migrated to Canada with my parents who, among many other settlers from the old land, homesteaded at Weyburn, Sask.

Through the influence of a godly mother, I was at an early age conscious of the claims of God upon my life. My opportunity came when I was eighteen years of age. The church which labored in that community put on a special Winter's Revival Campaign in which I became thoroughly converted. No sooner did God speak peace to my soul when I felt the call to become a worker for Him. The following winter, in response to this call I became a student at a theological school in Grand Forks, N.D.

It was during the second year at this school that a definite call came to become an Officer of the Salvation Army and after much meditation and thought as well as prayer, I applied to be accepted. Many and various have been my experiences, but through them all has been that sweet peace that comes to the one who knows he is in the will of God.

From the Training Garrison I was appointed a member of the first Chariot crew that toured the Canadian prairies west of Port Arthur. One of the incidents that stands out prominently among others in that summer's Campaign is a Meeting held in Grandview, Manitoba, when over twenty-five seekers were registered at the Mercy-Seat. In quick succession came appointments to Wainwright, Alta., Winnipeg IV, and Maple Creek, Sask., a member of the Chariot crew in Saskatchewan, Kerrobert, Sask. and lastly, Rainy River, Ontario, where I am at present stationed.

True it is, that the work of an Army Officer is not easy as it has its trials and difficulties, but if we keep ourselves "unspotted from the world" and live in "favor with God and man" His presence makes the darkest cloud shine with celestial Glory.

CAPTAIN ELSIE M. YARLETT,
Swan River, Man.

I WAS converted at the age of ten years in a Sunday afternoon Company Meeting at Reading I, England, where my parents had been Soldiers since they were just young people.

In 1913 we moved to Canada and settled in Brandon, where we immediately linked up with the Corps. Later we moved to Winnipeg, where I took my stand as a Corps Cadet, and also sang in the Citadel Songster Brigade.

While employed as a stenographer in one of the offices at the T. Eaton Co., I distinctly heard the call of God to leave all and follow Him. This I was not willing to do, and so I struggled on for one year until finally, in one of the General's Meetings in 1920 I surrendered myself and gave up my life for service. The next year I entered Training, being a member of the "Dauntless" Session.

My first appointment was to assist Captain N. Peake, (now Mrs. Captain McKinley,) at Biggar, Sask., and I was privileged to stay with her for three years. At my second appointment, Kerrobert, we were privileged to win both the Territorial and Divisional Self-Denial Banners. I was then promoted to the rank of Captain, before proceeding to assist at the Saskatoon II Corps. After one year there I was appointed to take charge of Humboldt, and am now stationed at Swan River.

CAPTAIN EVELYN REDBURN,
Weyburn, Sask.

I WAS born in an Ontario town, but while still quite young I went with my family to Vancouver. I was raised in a Salvation Army family, and was converted when quite young. I heard the Call for Officership when just twelve years of age, at a Missionary Meeting.

I was enrolled as a Senior Soldier of the Vancouver II Corps, and was a Corps Cadet and Y.P. Worker in that Corps. I applied for Officership, and was accepted as a Candidate, and entered training in 1923, as a member of the "Fidelity" Session.

From the Training Garrison I was commissioned as Lieutenant to The Pas, Man., and then followed a short appointment at Saskatoon II. Next came a term at Kamsack. I was promoted there to the rank of Captain, being left in charge. My present appointment is Weyburn.

CAPTAIN ELDIN K. TOBIN,
Macleod, Alta.

I SPENT my youth in South Dakota and was never so happy as when in the saddle, riding the plains in search of missing cattle.

In 1917 I came to Canada. At Camrose, Alta. I first came in contact with the Salvation Army. When entering a picture show one evening I was arrested by the voice of an Officer speaking in the Open-Air. His question was, "Can you take Jesus



CAPT. V. EBY



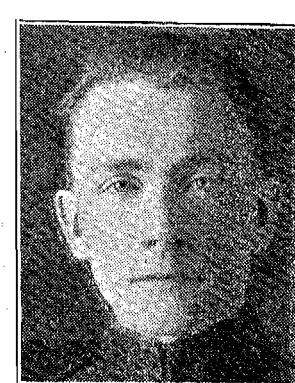
CAPT. M. JOHNRSUD



CAPT. ELSIE YARLETT



CAPT. E. REDBURN



CAPT. E. K. TOBIN

BITS FROM THE BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR YOUNGER OFFICERS SHOWING HOW THEY PRESENTED THEIR LIVES TO CHRIST FOR SERVICE IN HIS CAUSE

"with you everywhere you go?" I was convicted of sin and about a month later I gave my heart to God.

Soon after I felt the Call to Officership. It was a very definite call, and the more I fought the louder it became. It wasn't until the Fall of 1922 that I was able to enter the Training Garrison.

I was a member of the "Valiant" Session, being commissioned pro-Lieutenant, and sent out as the first driver of the first Chariot in Western Canada. Three months later I was promoted Captain, and sent in command of the High River Corps, where I had a very pleasant stay of ten months. I have since commanded Edson, Lloydminster and Grande Prairie, where I spent a very happy time, being quite in love with the Corps and the people. I am at present stationed in Macleod.

LIEUTENANT MARGARET WALKER,
T.H.Q. Winnipeg.

I WAS converted in Winnipeg in 1920, at a Meeting conducted by Commissioner Eadie. I became a Corps Cadet, Company Guard, Songster, "War Cry" Boomer, Assistant-Guard Leader, and very seldom missed a Meeting. I believe that if I had not been put to work I should soon have drifted back.

My greatest victories as a young Salvationist were in connection with my High School days. I remember once when our school was putting on a program and each room was supposed to give an item, that at noon the girls were having a good time drawing up a program of all foolish things, such as, "Talk on powder and paint," by Queenie Smith, etc. Right in the centre of all these foolish things they had, "Hymn and prayer," by Margaret Walker. I was so glad because by that one sentence I knew what the girls thought of me, and that my influence was for good.

I look back over my experience, and can truly say, "Surely the Lord was mindful of me." He has led me, and today I am very happy in His service as an Officer.

LIEUTENANT ROSE WHITE,
Elmwood, Winnipeg.

I WAS converted at the age of thirteen in a Young People's Meeting in Colchester, England. Although I was dedicated in the Army, and brought up in the Juniors, I didn't know what it was to be saved. At this particular Meeting, God spoke to my young heart, and showed me that I was not living that life which was pleasing to Him, and in the Prayer-Meeting I felt much stirred, and worried about my soul. I felt I might never have the chance again to make my peace with God. I shall never forget that night, but, praise God, it was in this Meeting that I did get the victory and gave myself to God.

Ever since I was a youngster I had always thought I would like to be an Officer some day, but not until I was converted did I realize that I ought to be one. While reading a "War Cry" one day God revealed Himself to me. I had such a deep conviction within me, telling me that I should give myself for God's service, and I felt that the Army was the only place for me, and I knew that God wanted me. I told my parents that I felt God had called me for the work. They told me to do what God wanted me to do, so I applied for the Work, feeling that it was God's will.

LIEUTENANT ELIZABETH CORSIE
Fernie, B.C.

MY PARENTS were Army Officers for over twenty-five years in England, Scotland and Ireland, and of course, I've known nothing else but the Army. It was in a Junior Meeting that I was converted.

I came to Canada when I was seventeen, and as there was no Army where I stayed, I found myself drifting into worldly pleasures, and I really lost my experience, but I went to live in the city and I came back to the Lord.

I then felt I must work for Him, and one day a "War Cry" came to the house with these words written in big letters, "I ought to be a Candidate." From that time I felt I should apply. I cut the piece out of the "Cry" and thought I would sign my name on Sunday if I really made up my mind. On Sunday Lt.-Colonel Sims came to the Corps and although I felt the Call so distinctly I put it off for a while. Then I applied and was accepted. The night I consecrated my life I sang with the others, "At Thy feet I fall, yield Thee up my all, to suffer, live or die, for my Lord crucified," and I felt God had accepted my offering.

LIEUTENANT AGNES LYNN,
Winnipeg Grace Hospital.

I WAS born in the United States, and came with my parents to Canada when I was eight years of age. I stayed with my folks till I was twenty, then I went into a General Hospital to train as a nurse. One night when I was off duty I was going to see my brother. He lived not so very far away. On my way I heard the Salvation Army singing on the street. I went on and told my brother and my sister to come and hear the Army. It was on a New Year's Eve and we went to hear their wonderful singing and praising of God. They announced a Watch-Night Service.

I phoned the Hospital and asked the Matron for late-leave. She said I could stay for the Army Meeting. It was there I first had a sight of my Saviour. Three months after I was enrolled as a Soldier. Before long I received the call to be an Army Officer. God called me one night. I prayed and said, "If it is the Lord's Will, I must go, and leave everything to Him. He has done so much for me."

LIEUTENANT DOROTHY MILLER,
Ketchikan, Alaska.

I WAS brought up under the influence of Christian parents, who often made me think of my own Salvation. I would never yield myself however, until I was attracted at an Army Open-Air by the song, "Would you know why I love Jesus?" This made

me think most sincerely about my soul, and led me a week later to the Army Hall, where I gave my heart to God.

It was not very long after my conversion before I felt the Call from God to be a fisher of men. One evening while an Officer was preaching about the thousands and thousands of people going day by day into everlasting destruction I felt and heard the "still, small voice," say: "Will you not go and help to save those thousands?" Although I did not give in until almost a year later, when I gave my all to Him, I obeyed the Call. Now I am very happy, and thankful that I did obey that Call.

LIEUTENANT LEONARD JOYCE,
Edson, Alta.

I PRAISE God that He gave me a good, godly mother. I was therefore taught the ways of righteousness from my earliest youth. I was given to God as a mere baby as a result of faithfulness to God on the part of my parents. I praise God that when I grew of age to begin to think for myself they did all in their power to lead me to Christ, which they eventually did, after much prayer and many tears on my behalf.

When I was very young I had the feeling that I was called to be a preacher of the Gospel. My whole ambition was on this line. I thought of it continually, and when on my bed at night, dreamed of it. I felt the horror of souls being lost and wanted to do something while yet so young, to lead souls to Christ. But as I became older my desires changed. I wanted to see a little of life and have a good time. This eventually led to my backsliding. When my mother mentioned things concerning my old desires, I laughed at her but she continued in prayer on my behalf. I had in the meantime bought a car, and was having what I thought to be a good time. God, however, was continually knocking for admittance. I knew this would mean the giving up of my life to Him so I hardened my heart.

This continued for a long period of time, until one Friday night I attended a Holiness Meeting. They were singing, "At Thy feet I fall," when God knocked even louder than before, asking admittance. As they sang the words, "To suffer, live or die," I made up my mind to follow, and at the close of the Meeting, answered the long unanswered question.

LIEUTENANT HENRY THOMPSON,
Rossland, B.C.

I WAS brought up on a farm in the southern part of Sweden, being born in the year 1895. My parents were Lutherans. I was confirmed when about fourteen. I think that was the first time I really felt the love of God in my heart.

Three years later I made up my mind that I would go to Canada, and in the course of a few weeks I found myself in Calgary, Alberta. Here I ran up against some real difficulties, as I could not ask for what I wanted to eat, nor could I ask for a job. I soon found out that the furthest pastures are not always the greenest.

Leaving Calgary I went homesteading. I did well for a time, but then came bad years and I thought it best to quit farming. I moved to Lethbridge and here the Salvation Army caught me in their net. Thank God for it.

As to my Call to Officership, I felt that the very night after my conversion. No man ever suggested to me that I should go in the work before I spoke of it. I always had a love for the Army, even when I lived in Sweden, and I always said that if I was ever going to belong to anything it would be the Salvation Army.

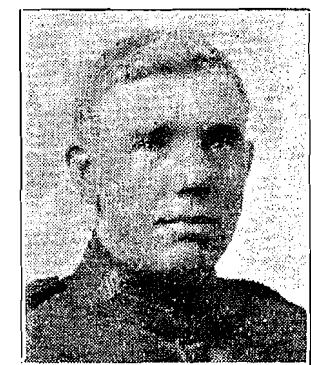
LIEUTENANT GRACE HABKIRK,
T.H.Q. Winnipeg.

WHEN a little girl of eight, in a Salvation Army Children's Meeting, I gave my young heart to God. Being brought up in a Christian home I had every encouragement to be good.

For a long time I would not give in to the conviction of being an Officer. I felt I was not capable, and moreover I was not willing to give my life fully into God's hands, I could not fully accept God's promises for myself. Not until I really gave God my life for service did I have real peace. I am happy in God's service, feeling that, although very weak in myself, through faith in God and taking as my motto, "God first, Others next, Self last," I shall in some small measure extend God's Kingdom.



Lt. LEONARD JOYCE



Lt. H. THOMPSON



Lt. DOROTHY MILLER



Lt. MARGARET WALKER



Lt. ROSE WHITE



Lt. E. CORSIE



Lt. A. LYNN



Lt. GRACE HABKIRK

Beauty Spots in the Canadian Rockies

IT IS with great expectation that the westbound traveller looks forward to his first sight of the magnificent mountains which bound our Western plains. Shortly after the train rolls out of Calgary on the C.P.R. line the towering peaks of the first range of the Rockies may be glimpsed, seeming like giant sentinels guarding the approach to the mountain fastnesses. For a score of miles or more there is a region of quiet beauty where the foothills make a borderland between the plains and mountains. Here rivers, fed by melting glaciers and snow freshets in the mountains, make their way eastward on their long journey over the prairies. Their terraced valleys are covered by a thin turf which is brightened, at least in early summer, by prairie flowers, while the higher places are crowned with groves of a rough-barked evergreen called the Douglas Fir. The Rockies, like an impassable rampart, terminate these hills and show a multitude of snowy peaks extending north and south beyond the limits of vision.

Scenes of Unspeakable Grandeur

As the train pierces deeper into the heart of these mighty ranges, revealing scene after scene of unspeakable grandeur, one can well enter into the thoughts of Walter D. Wilcox, F.R.G.S., who, in a preface to his book on the Rockies, says: "No other mountains in the world combine with greater charm the gentle beauty of placid lakes, of upland meadows, gay with bright flowers, or the vast sweep of green forests, with the stern grandeur of rugged cliffs, snow-fields, and magnificent peaks which are characteristic of these Canadian Alps." From the chapters of the book itself we have gathered the information for this article.

Though these mountains have not the height of many other famous ranges, their grandeur is greater because the valleys are both deep and narrow, richly forested and frequently guarded by cliffs which are precipitous for three, four or even five thousand feet. Such rock walls are sometimes adorned by clinging trees and bushes, or beautified by sparkling waterfalls, such as pictured on the back of this issue. Above are snow-fields, and hanging glaciers, which often awaken thunders among the mountains by avalanches of ice. There are besides many lakes of blue or blueish green color, some of them hidden in the solitude of evergreen forests, others enclosed by rugged cliffs, or exposed on the open expanse of upland meadows.

All this region was practically an unknown wilderness before the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This undertaking was formally begun on July 20, 1871, when British Columbia entered

the Dominion of Canada, and on which day the first survey parties commenced work. Eleven different routes were surveyed across the several ranges of the Rockies, before the work of construction began. In 1880 the Government seemed unable to make any progress in so vast an undertaking, and gave over its control to a private corporation. Under new management, what was at that time the largest railroad in the world, was soon an accomplished fact, and in 1886 a new region was opened to mountain-climbers and travellers.

Places of unusual interest and beauty were then chosen among the mountains,

after forcing a passage between great mountains, flows east to the plains, which are concealed by intervening ranges. Southwards, for many miles, may be seen the green valley of the Spray River, an unbroken mass of forest, enclosed by long ridges, one of which, Mount Rundle, is nearly ten thousand feet high, and towers a mile above the Bow. To the northeast is seen the end of Minnewanka Lake, beyond a series of gravel ridges, which are relics of the glacier period.

On an eminence overlooking the junction of the Bow and Spray Rivers, stands the Banff Springs Hotel. The Bow River makes a fine cascade between

One of the most interesting excursions in the vicinity of Banff is a trip up the Bow River and through the Vermilion Lakes. On these Lakes there is an excellent opportunity to study some of the characteristic features of the Canadian Rockies. The surrounding mountains are covered with evergreens, part of that great sub-Arctic forest which sweeps down from the north and clothes all Canada and the northern States in a garment of sombre green. The trees are spruce, balsam, fir and pine. On the sunny south-facing slopes there are a few large Douglas firs, which penetrate the lower mountain valleys from the foothills, but do not live at much higher altitudes than that of Banff, which is forty-five hundred feet above sea level. The open glades are filled with small aspen poplars, willows and birches which are practically the only deciduous trees.

Discovery of Lake Louise

About forty miles from Banff is Lake Louise. It is recorded that in 1882, one Tom Wilson was camped with a pack train near the mouth of the Pipestone when some Stony Indians came along and placed their tepees near him. Not long after a heavy snowslide or avalanche was heard among the mountains to the south, and in reply to enquiry, one of the Indians named Edwin the Gold-seeker, said that the thunder came from a "big snow mountain above the lake of little fishes." The next day Wilson and Edwin rode through the forests to the lake of little fishes, which was named subsequently for the Princess Louise. The Indian told of two smaller lakes higher on the mountain-side to the west, one of which, called by him the "Goat's Looking-glass," is now known as Lake Agnes.

Lake Louise has the enduring attraction of nature in one of her grandest and most inspiring moods. It is a deeply colored lake between wooded slopes, which sweep upwards on either side in unbroken masses of green, to barren cliffs above tree-line. Mount Victoria, a giant of the continental watershed, stands square across the valley, and beyond the Lake, its brilliant ice-fields making striking contrast to the dark forests and shadowy cliffs encircling the Lake.

In early morning and during calms after a storm, the placid surface reflects the precipices and hanging glaciers of the distant mountain, and brings that picture of Alpine grandeur in pleasing proximity to the beauty of spruce-lined shores and richly colored water. These mountain outlines are so harmonious, and the color changes so exquisite that Lake Louise is a realisation of the perfect beauty of nature beyond the power of imagination.



A view of Lake Louise, the "Lake of Little Fishes," with Mount Victoria in the background

Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. Photo

of which the chief is Banff in the Canadian National Park. From the summit of Tunnel Mountain, which is exactly one thousand feet above Banff, a very good view of the surrounding region may be had. The Bow River comes from the north-west, passes through Banff, and

rocky walls just below the Hotel, whose verandas command, from a considerable height, a magnificent view of the foaming river, while a vista of snowy peaks, almost unrivalled on the continent, is seen in the distance through a gap in the nearer limestone cliffs.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder.....William Booth
General.....Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters,
London, England.

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**A Happy Christmas
to all our Readers**

CHRISTMAS IN A BLIZZARD

CHRISTMAS-EVE — and the San Francisco express stuck at a tiny prairie station, in the heart of a raging blizzard.

How long would it last?

The weather prophets were not sanguine. "If we pull out of this in two days, we'll be lucky," opined the engine-driver, who had seen such blizzards before. No use courting disaster by driving through a snow-storm in which you couldn't see a yard ahead!

There was nothing for it but to make the best of things—and keep Christmas on the train.

The choicest stores in the travelling kitchen were brought out for a feast. The rich passengers arranged a concert and dance, and all prepared to be merry—when some one thought of the two Salvationists aboard.

"Why, what about them?" asked one of the organizers impatiently.

"You can ask them to come, but they won't, if I know anything about Salvationists," answered the other, "and they're the only passengers who will be out of it. A pity—but they're good people."

The other stood in deep thought.

"They will come," he declared at last; "they'll come to the beginning, anyhow. I'll ask them to open with prayer!"

At the Cradle of the Christ Child

(Continued from page 10)

temper of the Scribes who, after teaching all their lives that the Christ was coming, and hearing that He had come, would not walk a few miles to see whether the news was true and the promise fulfilled.

Let us rather follow the simple shepherds and the wise magi. To them the good tidings announced by the song and the star must have been much more new and strange than to the Scribes and the Rabbis. But the sages and the shepherds were "men of desires," men who looked before as well as after, men who knew little and were aware of it, or men who knew much and yet accounted that much but little compared with what God had to teach. Let us be followers of them, ever looking for more truth while we walk by the truth we know. And walking in the light we have, it will grow larger and purer; using the gifts we possess, more will be added to us.

For us the eternal dawn is coming when the King in His beauty shall meet us with welcome, and we shall find then, like the wise men and the shepherds, that the journey to Bethlehem to worship at the cradle of the Child was abundantly worth while.



The Missing Key

An unfinished Christmas Story

By
Commissioner
MILDRED DUFT

for the task entailed visits to lawyers and to agents, as well as to the house itself. When all had been rearranged and prepared for letting, the Adjutant thought her work was done.

A day or two later, however, came a further call, earnestly entreating that she would visit the prisoner once more before her removal to the long-sentence institution took place.

"I want to confess," began the woman, as the Adjutant entered, "I have been sitting here in my cell thinking, thinking. Christmas is drawing near. 'I cannot lie to the Adjutant,' I thought, 'I must tell the truth.'"

"Lie to me!" exclaimed the Warden in surprise. "Why, no, indeed. You certainly must not do that if I am to help you. What is the difficulty?"

Kept Back One Key

"Many years ago," said the woman in a low voice, "I went to a series of meetings, and the speaker used an illustration I have never forgotten. He described a man who came to God and in whose hands, as he stretched them up, was a bunch of keys. 'Here are all the keys, Lord,' he said, and he asked that God would receive and accept him. But God answered, 'No, I cannot accept you! You have still one key in your possession—the key of the brandy cupboard!'"

The Warden waited, wondering what was about to follow. The prisoner clasped her hands and with a great effort went on, "This man is like me. Oh, I have thought it over as I sat here in my loneliness! I, too, have kept back one key. I told you I had given them all to you. I lied!"

"Yes," said the Officer, as the speaker paused.

"I told you about that secret cupboard hidden away behind the picture. I said that it held glass and linen. It is really filled with champagne and wines and spirits of special brands. I did not want to tell you. But I had no peace. God has shown me by His Spirit that, until I gave that key up and confessed the truth, He could not help me."

And she placed a delicate and beautifully chased key into the Adjutant's hands.

"Now, Lord," she went on, uplifting her hands to Heaven, "now Thou knowest I have given up all my keys; I have none left."

The Adjutant took the key in silence; her heart was full, but the prisoner turned to her suddenly. "What are you going to do with the wines and spirits?" she asked, a ring of anxiety in her voice.

"Pour them down the drain," came the firm and prompt reply.

"Ah!" she cried, "That is just what I feared! And yet they are so valuable. Can't you sell them for a wedding feast or a Christmas party? Then you could use the money for the poor."

"No," said the Adjutant; "that would be quite impossible."

Her Precious Treasure

"I guessed this would be your answer," said the prisoner, rocking herself to and fro. "I have collected those wines with so much care and cost. Oh, what I have suffered since I have been here! I have been so tempted to keep the secret to myself. If I tell the truth the Adjutant will have no more to do with me," I thought. "And if I only could keep that cupboard locked I should have something which I could sell and live upon when I come out." And now you are going to pour it all away—still—you shall have the key!"

Tears filled the Adjutant's eyes as she followed in sympathy and faith, the struggles of this soul, so chained and yet so longing to be free. Together they knelt and prayed, the Adjutant asking that God Himself would accept the last key and give the poor woman His peace.

Next day the hidden cupboard was unlocked, and the bottles brought out. In her business-like and practical way, and in preparation for the work before her, the Adjutant had brought two corkscrews and a pail, and together, she and her companion attacked the store.

"I never knew that uncorking bottles was such hard work," she smiled. "We drew corks till our arms ached, breaking a corkscrew in the effort. Eight times we filled the pail, tipping the contents down the drain before the cupboard was empty. Then we arranged for the bottles to be taken away by the dustman. The house was quickly let—wonderful to say, considering its reputation—to Christian people."

All who have had to do with those who have grown old in sin know that the devil does not easily or quickly relinquish his hold upon their hearts.

The Adjutant realized this full well. She was, nevertheless, bitterly disappointed at the next letter she received from the prisoner. In telling of her success with the house and in begging Miss— to get right with God, she had hoped for a humble, thankful reply. But the ice which had begun to melt was evidently rehardening.

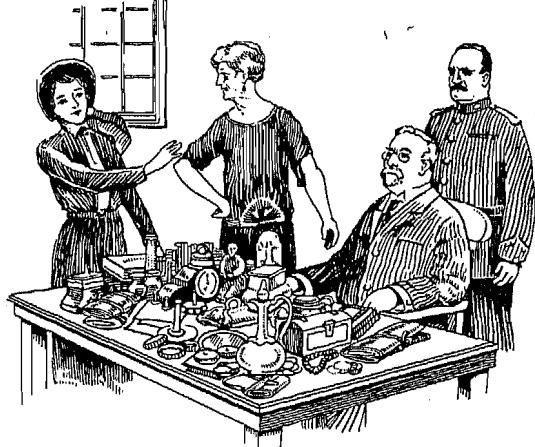
No! Though she certainly had agreed to it, no pittance of any kind need be given to the old servant who had waited on her for so many years. The tele-

CHRISTMAS—which in North European lands implies so much—was near. The Warden's hands were more than full with all the extra work involved. It was joyful work, for she loved each of her family in the large social institution, and the day was never long enough for all she had to do.

Just now, however, it must be confessed that she felt a little troubled when a voice on the telephone, that of the prison director, begged her to come to him at once.

She hurried through the wintry streets and found the director waiting for her.

"I believe you can help us, Adjutant," he said. "We have a difficult bit of work on. Sit down. The fact is that a woman—a well-known character in the town—on whom we have had our eye for a long time, has at last come into our hands. She has been tried and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. Though she has very considerable possessions, and a large house,



Ornaments, jewels and valuables were spread out before the two women

she is friendless and alone. Are you willing to undertake to act for her and to become the guardian of her property till her sentence expires?"

"I should like to see her first and have some talk with her, if I may," answered the Warden guardedly, and she was at once admitted to the cell where the prisoner sat, in abject misery.

"I knew you would come!" she exclaimed joyfully as she saw the bonnet, "I knew that if no one else would help me in this place the Army would." And as the Officer sat beside her she poured out the story, not of her sins, but of her needs.

"I am well off," she began, "I have money, and jewelry, and a large, well-furnished house in—(naming a fashionable quarter). Will you take it over for me? They have given me a heavy sentence, and I know my things will be safe with you. I want you to go and put away my own belongings and then let the place. Will you?"

After a moment's thought the Adjutant consented. She saw, in this, a way not only of helping the Prison Director, but of obtaining a hold over the woman.

Before the Prison Officials

So together the pair were escorted before the prison officials, where a strange scene followed. Ornaments, jewels, securities, and valuables of different kinds were spread out before the two women.

"Take them all!" cried their owner excitedly. "Everything will be safe with you I know." But the Warden shook her head. "Oh, no!" she said. "These must remain with the prison authorities; such things would have no place in one of our Homes. But I am willing to see what I can do with the house."

"Then here are all the keys," answered the prisoner, as she handed the great bunch of over thirty keys to the Officer. "In one room," she added, "behind a certain picture is a cupboard in the wall, filled with my glass and linen. Now, there is no need to open that, is there? The tenants need not even know of it; they can have the use of another cupboard instead."

"By all means," the Adjutant replied; "that can easily be arranged."

"We could have done without this extra bit of work just now, Captain," said the Officer to her second,

phone need not be disposed of. She would soon be back. On her return she would take in a lodger—the Adjutant might as well be looking out for a suitable one. In prison she would take advantage of the sewing classes; with a lodger and needlework, all would be well.

Only those who know what it is to "travail in birth for souls" can understand the Adjutant's feelings. She wept over the letter. Was the work begun in this poor darkened heart to be a mere surface affair, shallow and fleeting, leaving the depths untouched by grace?

The Adjutant turned with a sigh to deal with the rest of her correspondence. With it lay a newspaper, sent to her because of the review of her Institution which it contained. Having glanced through the report, she noticed on another page the following incident:

A speaker in a great open-air crowd was mocking and turning into ridicule all that belonged to God and religion. The people listened, fascinated and gripped by his flow of language.

As he finished, another man in the crowd took his place. "I am not going to comment on the words of the last speaker," he began: "I wish merely to tell you of a recent happening and will leave you to make the application.



"I never knew that uncorking bottles was such hard work"

"A few days ago I saw from the river bank a man in an oarless boat. The current was swiftly taking it towards the Falls; the man, terrified, wrung his hands and cried aloud to God, 'If You will but have mercy on me, I promise to serve You truly. O God, have pity!'"

The speaker paused. "My arms rescued that man," he said impressively, "and he is the very one to whose speech you have just been listening."

The crowd, staggered by his words, dispersed in silence.

"Here is God's own message to my prisoner," thought the Adjutant, and she cut the story out and sent it to her. A high fever had followed her reading of the letter; she had wept herself sick, could neither eat nor sleep. To think that one who, a fortnight before, had professed to be her friend, could write in such a way!

But the Adjutant was too wise to seek to heal the wound. She sent no answer, but, some weeks later, wrote to the Prison Chaplain asking the condition of the prisoner. He replied that, at first, her glib, religious talk and loud professions had made him feel that her case was hopeless. But she had received a letter over which she had wept much. He did not know its contents, but since then she had been quieter, more thoughtful, more humble, she had less to say, and he watched the work of God beginning in her heart.

So a card of greeting to the prisoner was dispatched from the Adjutant, promising a letter in a few weeks' time. And here, for the moment, the story ends.

From Sunny Jamaica to Fair Panama

(Continued from page 22)

during the singing, but somehow at those parts where a little lift is helpful, you will hear his cornet come in with a bar or two, so that by working along these lines he just supplies sufficient instrumental music to encourage everybody to sing, and with singing such as we have here in the West Indies it seems to me that Bands would almost be a calamity. Choruses are never sung at a breakneck speed, but the tendency is rather the other way, and a wonderful depth of feeling accompanies the singing.

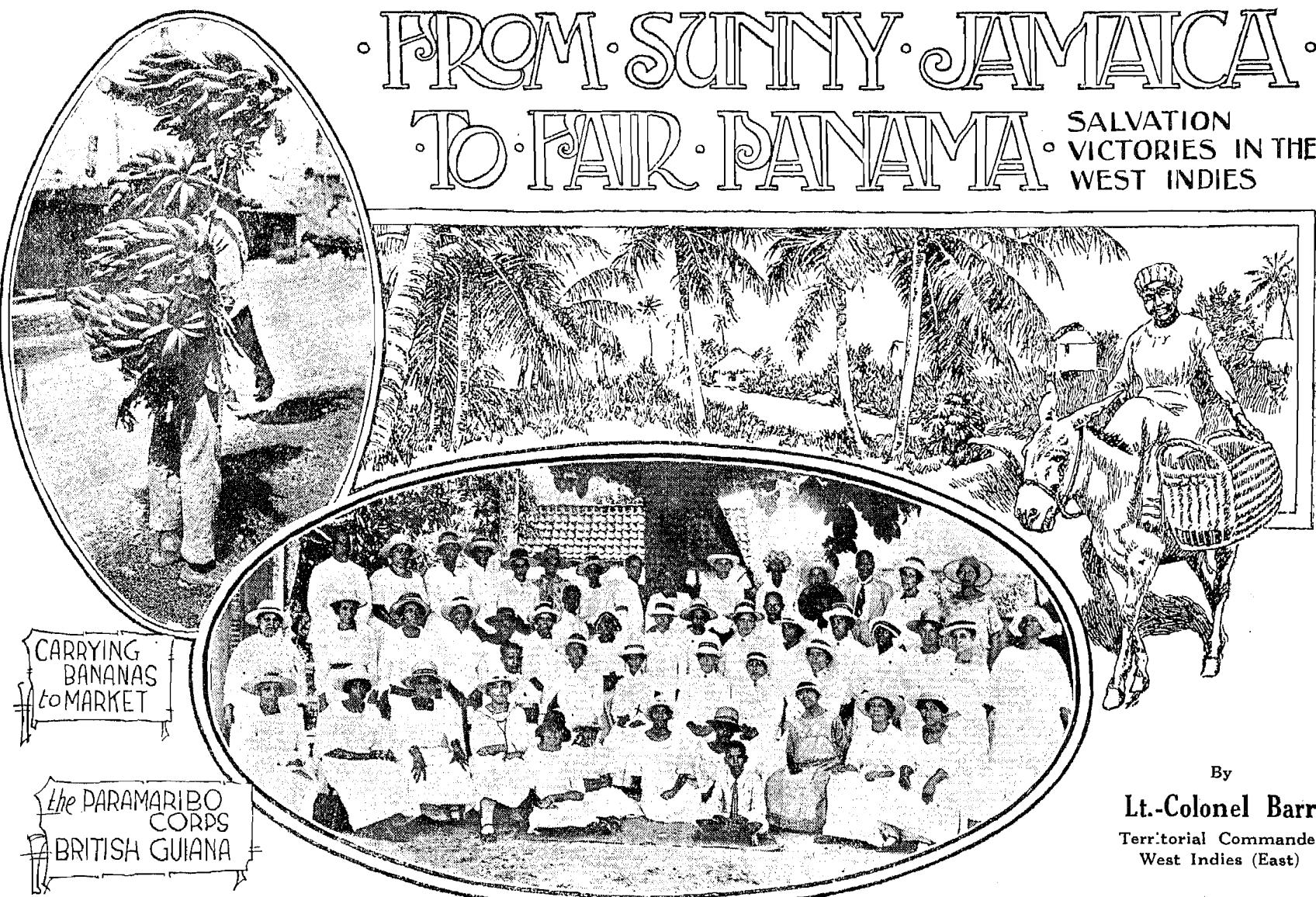
Our work in these islands, in addition to the regular Corps work, embraces Prison Work, Sailors' Homes, Metropoles and Food Depots. The Governments of the various islands recognize the value of the work of the Salvation Army Officer with the criminal classes, and as a result our privileges are increasing right along.

At Trinidad the Divisional Officer has been appointed a Chaplain of His Majesty's Royal Prison; while quite a number of our Officers are the duly appointed Probation Officers.

• FROM • SUNNY • JAMAICA •

• TO • FAIR • PANAMA •

SALVATION
• VICTORIES IN THE
WEST INDIES



By

Lt.-Colonel Barr
Territorial Commander
West Indies (East)

THOSE who are unacquainted with the West Indies Territory, as it is known in Salvation Army geography, will doubtless be interested in learning just what the title of this article really covers. Leaving Jamaica, you would of necessity have to visit Cuba, pass on from there and touch at St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenada, Tobago and Trinidad, thus covering the Leeward and Windward Islands. You would then have to slip down to British Guiana and from there pass on to Panama, and having done this you would still have Costa Rica, Honduras and British Honduras to visit, before you had completed the circle which represents the West Indies Territory of the Salvation Army. With a map before you this journey can be taken in a few seconds, but to do it in actual fact would constitute a long and tedious journey.

Rich in Matchless Colors

What a wonderful sea the Caribbean Sea is, so rich in matchless colors and teeming with historic memories. It carries us away into the distant past, and we picture Columbus in that cockleshell of a boat of his, feeling his way over an uncharted ocean, and instinctively our minds turn from those days to the present, and we think of the mighty floating palaces stepping by way of the Panama Canal, from the Pacific on to the mighty Atlantic. Then, as we conjure up scenes associated with the noisy, riotous buccaneer, it is not strange that we should turn from him to the bootlegging rum runner of these modern days, with his headquarters at the Bahamas, from which islands hands are stretched out to the Salvation Army inviting us to unfurl our Flag there. What historic characters have sailed the Caribbean Sea! Raleigh, Drake, Hawkins, Penn and scores of others, among whom we must not forget John Wesley and George Fox, for they, too, found their way to these wonderful islands in the days when travel was a very different thing to what it is in this, the year of our Lord 1926.

What beauteous shores do these historic waters lave! And also what sad memories they awaken within us when we are reminded that our Flag has not always flown over a free people.

In 1834, just ninety-two years ago, in Jamaica alone, there were nearly a quarter of a million slaves, for on August 1st of that year over 225,000 were liberated on this beautiful island. What a day that was for the West Indies and for the world! In Falmouth, Jamaica, they had a great burial service that day. A huge grave was dug and hundreds of shackles, and whips and instruments of torture, 'midst a scene of most intense fervour, were with all due ceremony, buried, and as the clock rang out the hour of deliverance, thousands of voices rose as "the sound of many waters" as they sang as only men and women who have just been freed from slavery can sing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow."

It is well to keep 1834 in mind when one visits the West Indies. It helps to keep one humble, especially if one remembers how many centuries ago it is since Britain's sons first entered into the light and knowledge and freedom that our Flag proudly represents. Our estimates of values and possibilities will be more true and we will avoid the distressing folly that is only too often evidenced by those who "forget."

As we cannot possibly give a description of all of these islands, it will perhaps serve the purpose if we very briefly make a survey of this extremely beautiful island of Jamaica. Perhaps it can best be described as a huge garden 144 miles long and 45 miles wide. As the garden is composed of a number of mountain tops it may be better likened to a rockery which is entirely covered with a rich soil, every inch of which seems capable of producing fruit foodstuffs and pasture. It matters not which way you turn, nor to what altitude you rise, the earth is producing something and at the same time presenting to the eye scenes of indescribable loveliness. Overhead is a sky which in the evening time presents a marvellous panorama of color and cloud effect, for a sunset in the West Indies is a something that can never be forgotten.

Great Variety of Fruits

These are most productive islands. Although the chief products are cocoanuts, bananas and sugar cane, in addition we have oranges, grape fruit, tangerines, limes, lemons, guavas, mangoes, pineapples, custard apples, avocado pears, naseberries, star apples and a host of others too numerous to mention in this short article. Not all are enjoyed by the stranger at first, but one soon acquires a taste for those of unusual flavor, and at no time of the year are we without a variety of these fruits. Then the island produces coffee, cocoa, tea, ginger, pimento, cassava, rice, nutmeg, arrowroot and many other kindred products. Of vegetables there is a generous list to choose from and a West Indian table has seldom fewer than five or six vegetables on it when dinner is served, the most common being yam, chocho, breadfruit, sweet potato, plantains, coco, and almost without fail, rice.

The scenery everywhere is wonderfully brightened by the great variety of trees and shrubs which send forth a profusion of gorgeously tinted blossoms. Amongst these are the Royal Ponciana, with its mass of golden scarlet flowers; the Lignum Vitae, with a beautiful purple bloom; the Poinsettia with its six months of flaming red. And the lover of ferns can find here no fewer than 473 varieties, and as he travels along the country roads he will be charmed with the banks covered with the graceful maidenhair, so much prized by Canadians.

One of the things feared in going to a hot climate is the insect life, with its thousand and one tortures. To some who read this article I know it will be news to learn that we have comparatively few flies here, and

therefore one never sees a screen door, and the least of our troubles are insect pests. Another feature of Jamaica is that there are no snakes on this island. The mongoose is responsible for having relieved us of these undesirable reptiles, and as a result the natives can travel anywhere barefooted without fear of poisonous bites. Of course we have a few scorpions, but they seem to keep well out of the way, and I do not hear of anyone suffering as a result of their presence in our midst.

Thousands of Toilers

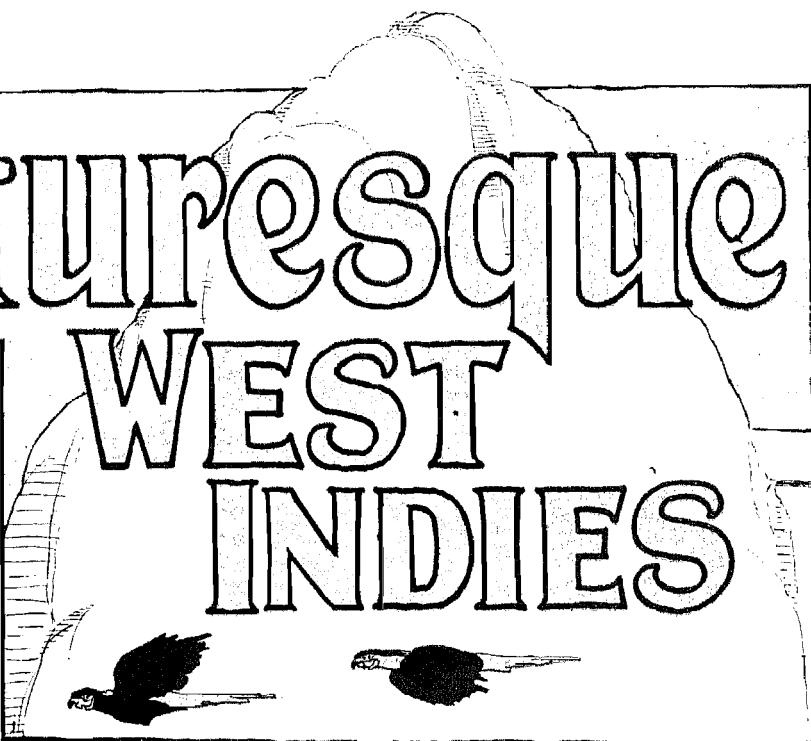
Bare feet make me think of the thousands of toilers here, men and women whose ancestors ninety-two years ago first sang the song of freedom. They are the people that constitute a large part of our congregation wherever we have a Corps and it is from among them that a great many of our Soldiers are made. Much has been said of them, and there are those who unfortunately magnify their faults but seem to forget their virtues. There are those among them who are a disappointment to their own people, but of what race can this not be said? On the other hand there are those among them who for clean life, kindly heart and Christ-like character, will compare with any people you will find in the world, and when you remember 1834 you will give God the glory for the great things He has accomplished. Strenuous toil is not easy in a climate such as this, and one marvels at the energy and strength manifested by the men who handle pick and shovel on the highways, and who handle the cargoes at the wharves, and who engage in those occupations that demand strength and endurance. It is an interesting and appealing sight to see a row of men stretched across the road swinging their picks in rhythmic unison to the music of a weird chant they unitedly sing. Their money is well earned. The women folk work as well, and to see them loading boats, breaking stones by the wayside or carrying their immense burdens on their heads, ten, fifteen, and sometimes twenty miles to market oftentimes, singing as they toil, makes one feel that they are very industrious.

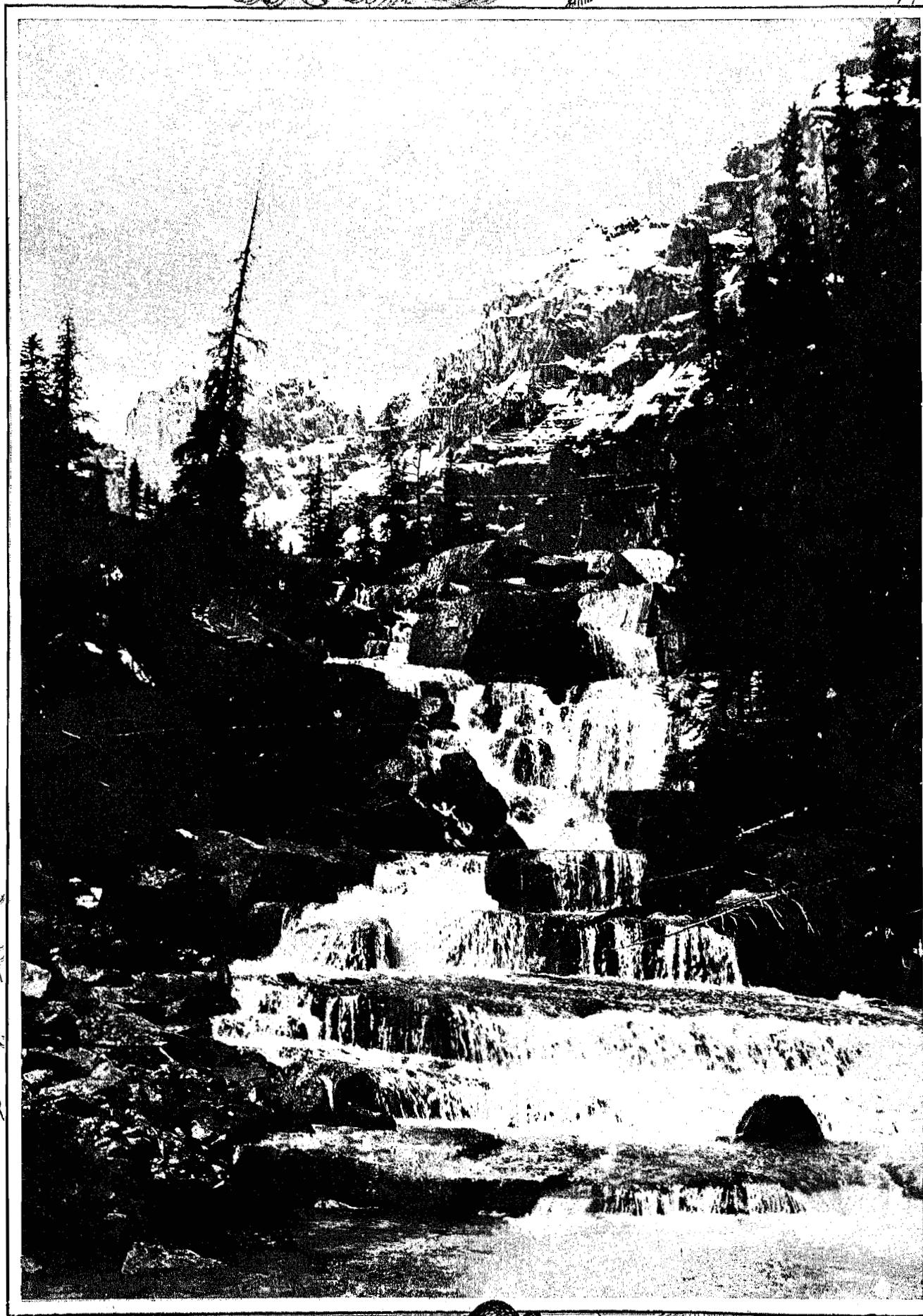
They make good Salvationists, and we have in this island some veterans whose record under the Army Flag is such as to line them up with the most faithful of our people anywhere.

They are great lovers of the Bible, they love singing, and they love the dear old Army. This love for the Army is very deep, and very real, and to hear them singing one of our choruses relating to the Army puts one in an atmosphere that is very difficult to define. We are not strong on brass bands, and you will not find many among us, though nearly every Field Officer plays a cornet. He has however, learnt an art that would greatly help the singing in the Salvation Army all the world over if only his method could be adopted. You will rarely hear him play any tune right through

(Continued on page 21)

In the Picturesque WEST INDIES





The Giant's Steps, near Lake Louise, in the Rocky Mountains
(See "Beauty Spots in the Canadian Rockies" page 20)

Courtesy Canadian Pacific Ry. Co.